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Anthony and Hero

SHORT STORIES

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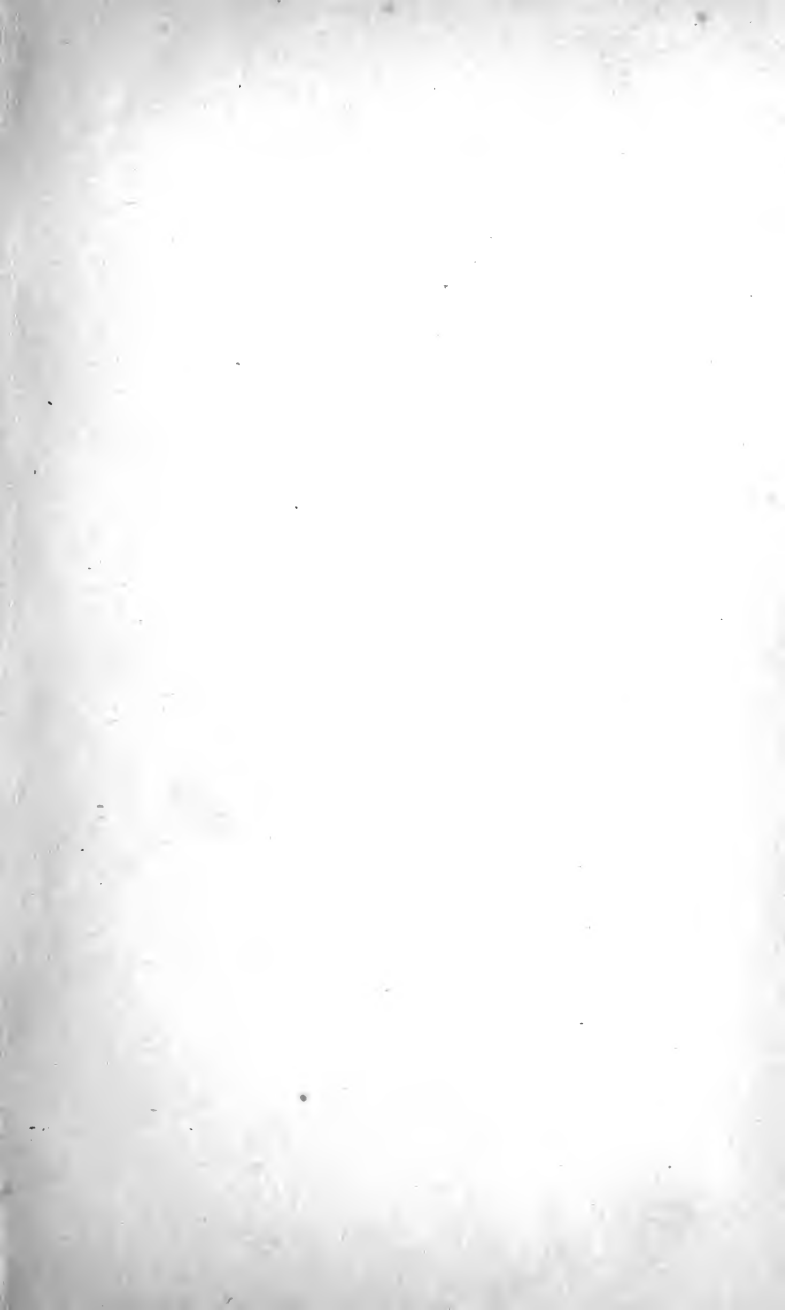


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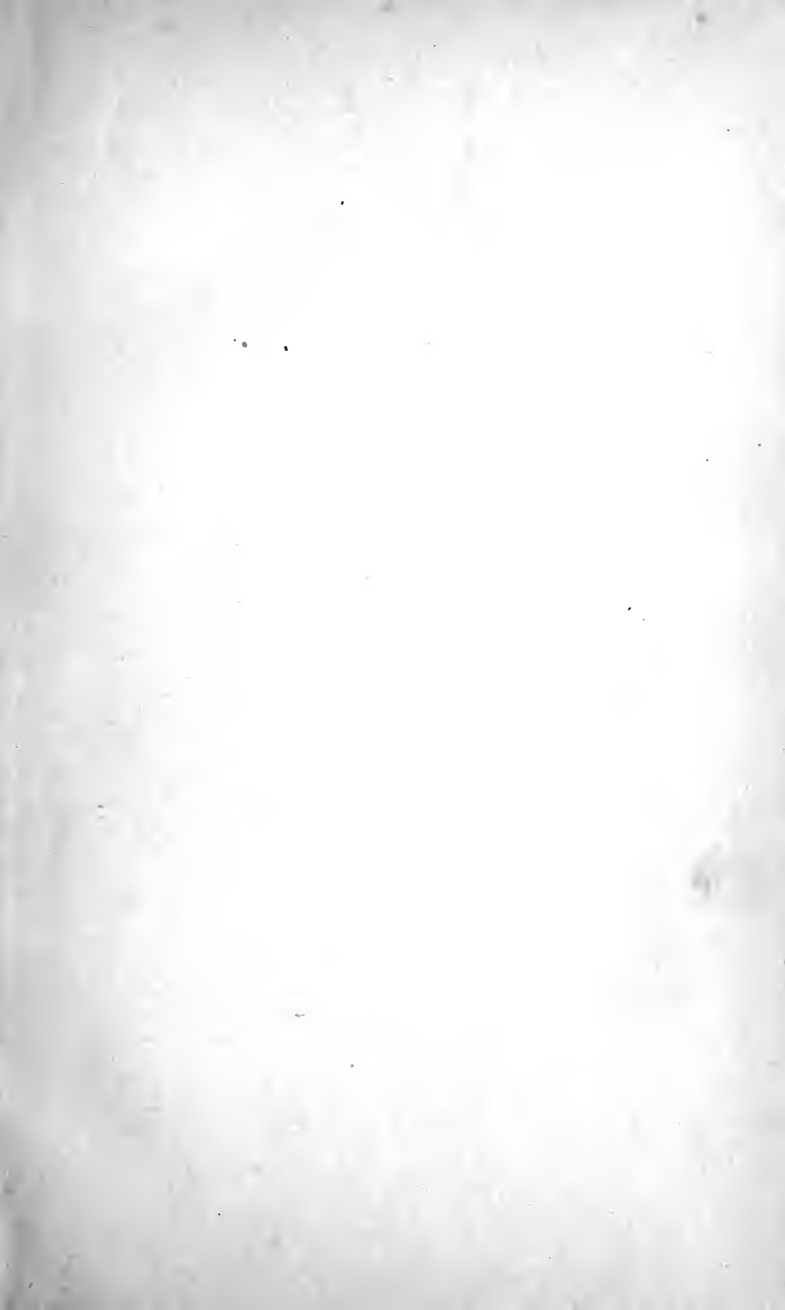
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# ANTONY AND HERO,

—AND—

## ✻FISHING FOR FAME✻

—BY—

SIMMIE. *proof*

*Ferdinand Simon*  
"~~~~~"

F. SIMON, PUBLISHER.  
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.  
1901.

per p. 114<sup>6</sup>.

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1909

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## POETICAL SELECTIONS.

*Hero's description of sunrise. Act 1, Scene 1.*

Why, I was awake, and  
In serious meditation, an hour before  
O'er eastern mountains in it's distant orb,  
The sun arose in fiery majesty,  
And was admiring how the sparkling dew  
Did grace the changing landscape hereabouts,  
As sol's slow creeping fire did burnish every drop.

*Antony's praise of ambition. Act 1, Scene 1.*

Well has he succeeded  
In his fight for fame, and I am proud of  
His acquaintance. Well do I remember,  
How in our youthful sports, he ever did  
Affect commanding, a leadership  
Was always his ambition, and on that  
He has built a monument of fame. I  
Was ever known for and proud of my strength,  
And age made that youthful pride a serious  
Ambition till I became an athlete.  
A man's life is modeled out in youth  
By an unseen power, and as he dies  
So was it destined.

*Alice trying to encourage Leopole. Act 1, Scene 3.*

Come Leopole, be merry,  
This sullenness does not become you, and  
You have no cause for being so. One defeat  
Is no disgrace, not when your victories  
Are summed up. 'Twas an honor to be matched  
To Antony. Come let's be merry as usual.

*Antony's praise of uniforms. Act 2, Scene 1.*

Oh such a spectacle! Look! Look! He was wise,  
Who first suggested uniforms for soldiers,  
For while formidable to the enemy,  
They inspire a friend. Look! See how more imposing  
Than the citizens, and yet they are but people.

And this martial music,  
Makes one almost wish for foes.

a.m.p. June 2, 1932

*Hero's defense of Antony. Act 2, Scene 1.*

'Tis false,

I swear it! I have been his inmost friend  
 For many years, and have oft heard him praise  
 Your qualities and ambition. He was  
 The first to applaud your every promotion,  
 Of all your friends he was most eager to hear from you,  
 And good news he would address as though  
 Your person with: Brave Charles with but a few  
 More strides we shall say Great Charles! 'Twas he  
 Suggested, as my father knows, all these  
 New entertainments for to-day, and he  
 Worked for their completion so incessantly,  
 There was no time for conspiring. And now  
 You call him your enemy, and a traitor,  
 For this small accident that only seemed to harm.

*Hero's love for Antony. Act 2, Scene 3.*

Think you I would encourage a man, who  
 Downed my Antony? No! If Antony dies,  
 Why so do I to all the world.  
 I would live and die a dry old spinster  
 With no occupation, but training flowers  
 For his monument.

*Antony's generosity and confidence in his friends. Act 4, Scene 1.*

No, No. You live,  
 Live and be famous, live and be honored  
 As an athlete, for the people must have one  
 For their amusement and their idol, and  
 Who is there but you that is worthy, and  
 Entitled to their praise? And, Leopole,  
 All the medals and trophies I have won,  
 I've willed to you, they with my titles  
 When I am dead are yours, with my best wishes  
 That you honor them, and there is no one  
 More confident than I am that you will.

# CAST.

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**Antony**,—Champion Athlete,

**Charles**,—A Duke's Officer,

**Leopole**,—Ex-Champion Athlete,

**Abraham**,—Judge and Hero's Father,

**Wiggins**,—Jailor,

**Swipes**,—His Assistant,

**Tom Sawyer**,—  
**Bill Judson**,—

} Tough Characters.

**Johnson**,—Prosecutor,

**Jones**,—Sheriff,

**Hero**,—Antony's Love,

**Margaret**,—Antony's Sister,

**Theresa**,—Hero's Maid,

**Alice**,—A Cortizan,

Citizens, Officers, Band, Soldiers.

**Act I. (Scene 1.) *Abraham discovered.***

*Abraham.*—Now has father time began that day, which crowns  
My happiness, and brought sol's glowing light  
O'er eastern mountain tops to do his part.  
Oh happiness to think, my daughter weds  
To-day, and weds a man that's loved by men.  
What luck of fortune what anything brings  
More joy to a loving father, there's nothing.  
It has brought youth back to my mind, but not  
My bones, for if it had I'd dance and leap,  
And somersault for joy. But no, mine must  
Be expressed with pleased appearances. She  
Will wed Antony ere night, Antony  
The famous athlete,  
He who so lately conquered Leopole,  
The favorite of the duke his chum, called  
Hercules by all, and praised above him  
All for his qualities,  
Untill Antony o'erthrew him as though  
He had no opposition and many  
Claim 'twas so for policy to lure some  
Spicy wager on another trial.  
No, no!  
That desperate aspect such tugging and  
Straining that every muscle seemed to swell  
An inch, that red complexion as when  
Exertion crowds a man's blood against his  
Skin and forces out large beads of sweat, such  
Heaveing at the finish to catch his breath  
All prove that Leopole was not trifeling.  
I'll not believe it. I have double cause  
For joy, for to-day I will be relieved  
Of my political cares for brave Charles,  
A chum of Antony's as boys,  
But seperated these five years by their  
Professions to seek fame and fortune, and  
Well they have succeeded, Antony the  
Mighty athlete and Charles the brave soldier.

'T will be a sight to see those famous leaders  
In their callings meet, with their mutual love  
Since childhood. Charles fame and qualities,  
Have won for him succession to my office,  
Which he comes to-day to accept, and I  
Will be relieved. But ho ! Come, come, be merry.

(Rings for and enter servant.)

Where's Hero, not up yet! Go make her stir.

(Exit servant.)

The day's and hour gone. She must be  
Much contented to sleep so long this day.

(*Enter Hero.*)

*Hero.*—Good morning. Did you think me tardy?

*Abr.*—You are not much interested in your  
Marrying or you'd been about ere this.

*Hero*.—                               Why. I was awake and in  
Serious meditation, an hour before  
O'er eastern mountains in his distant orb  
The sun arose in fiery majesty.  
And was admiring how the sparkling dew  
Did grace the changing landscape hereabouts,  
As sol's slow creeping fire did burnish every drop.

*Abr.*—You should be gay and happy, this is no time  
For seriousness —

*Hero.*— But my future happiness  
Is a serious question.

*Abr.*— It was.  
But with such a husband as Antony  
To care for that you should be merry.

*Hero*.—It always was my nature to be serious  
And I thank my maker for that fault. I  
Would not for the world be giddy, for then  
I'd not have Antony's love.

*Abr.*—The happiness that comes from love lies not,  
As some claim, all in the procuring, there's  
More in the preserving. And if you would  
Keep fresh your husbands love, take these receipts  
From my experience.

First, do not be dominerer, for heaven  
 Decreed that woman should not equal man.  
 Think more of comforting your husband, than  
 Of teaching him, and if in aught you think  
 He's wrong and cannot change him with  
 A sort of suplicating modest way,  
 Convince yourself he's right. In cleanliness,  
 In order, yea in everything be so precise  
 As to consider all your imperfections,  
 As transgressions. 'Tis the duty of  
 The husband to furnish means of sustenance  
 For his family. 'Tis the duty of  
 The wife to use those means to best advantage,  
 For both the happiness and comfort of  
 Her family. You are both worthy of each other  
 Which is much towards making your love mutual.

*Hero.*—My father, glad I am to be advised  
 By anyone with more experience,  
 And you can be content these maxims shall  
 For reference ever be, deep graven in  
 My memory. (*Enter Leo.*)

*Leo.*—Good morrow both, and happy day.

*Hero.*—Good morrow, Leopole.

*Abr.*—Good morrow to you, and your looks proclaim,  
 A wish of happiness unnecessary.

*Leo.*—I have good cause for happiness for I  
 Come direct from your successor. The first  
 I saw of him in five long years.

*Abr.*— How does  
 He look and how behave himself amongst  
 His honors? Glad to be back no doubt.

*Leo.*— Tall and handsome but  
 A little stiff to me as though to say,  
 My position sir, calls for respect.

*Hero.*— 'Tis  
 Conceitedness, 'tis natural to him,  
 He was so as a boy.

*Leo.*— Prepare  
 To welcome him for he'll be here ere long  
 On business. He wished me to remind you.  
 To make all preparations for the parade.

*Abr.*—'Twas unnecessary. The paraders  
 Will be ready when we are. We shall march  
 About and arrive at the tribunal  
 So as to install him at high noon when  
 My term expires.

*Leo.*— He is anxious to have  
 Much celebration.

*Abr.*— The preparations  
 Are the grandest I've yet known. (*Exit Abr. enter Theresa.*)

*Ther.*—Oh Hero Antony is coming.  
 Good morrow Leopole.

*Leo.*— Good morrow.

*Hero.*—He is coming for us, for there's a good view  
 From his porch of this parade to which we  
 Are invited. I'll go prepare myself  
 For I promised to be waiting for him. (*Exit Hero.*)

*Ther.*—Happy are they for they'll be man and wife  
 Ere night.

*Leo.*— I envy Antony.

*Ther.*— All men do  
 That know her. But here he comes and his sister to.  
 (*Enter Ant., Marg.*)

*Ant.*—Good morrow.

*Leo.*—Good morrow Antony.

*Ther.*—Good morrow Antony and Margaret.

*Marg.*—Good morrow both.

*Ant.*—Love must be contagious for  
 These private interviews mean nothing else.

*Ther.*—Oh I've oft heard of two diseases  
 Whose symptoms were alike.

*Ant.*— Where's my partner  
 In this sickness? We'll groan, and heave, and make  
 A hospital of this room.

*Marg.*— And I'll be  
All your physicians.

*Ant.*— No, no. The disease  
Is very contagious, and your none  
To vigorous to catch it.

*Marg.*— Yes, I see  
It effects even those who are famous  
For their strength.

*Ant.*—Well how goes it with Leopole?

*Marg.*—I see it effects even those, who are  
Famous for their strength.

*Ant.*—I admit. But how is Leopole?

*Leo.*—Oh fairly well. I've just come from Charles.

*Ant.*—How is he? He must have come this morning  
For I looked for him last night. But has he changed?

*Leo.*—You'll see him soon yourself, for he'll be here  
Before the parade.

*Ant.*—A five year's seperation of two such palls.  
You cannot imagine how this meeting 's  
Looked for. But how does he look, as large as I?

*Leo.*—Tall and handsome with a military brace.

*Ant.*— Well has he succeeded  
In his fight for fame, and I am proud of  
His acquaintance. Well I do remember,  
How in our youthful sports, he ever did  
Affect commanding, a leadership  
Was always his ambition. And on that  
He has built a monument of fame. I,  
Was ever known for and proud of my strength,  
And age made that youthful pride, a serious  
Ambition till I became an athlete.  
A man's life is modeled out in youth  
By an unseen power and as he dies,  
So was it destined. But no more lecturing (*Enter Hero.*)  
For here's a better subject. Good morrow.

*Hero.*—Good morrow Antony. I see you're here.



*Ant.*—I wish I had been these last few hours, I'd a  
Rid myself of them, for it tortured me  
To think that father time kept us apart.

*Marg.*—I will leave, the disease is very catching,  
And I must not expose myself being frail.

*Ther.*—I'll go to. (*Exit Marg., Ther.*)

*Leo.*— I'll go have a consultation  
With your father. (*Exit Leo.*)

*Hero.*— What new styled bickering  
Is this?

*Ant.*— Theresa and Leopole were  
At some private conversation as we  
Entered. I proclaimed it a sign of love,  
They turned the joke on me, and made love in me  
A contagious disease. And love so would  
I have it with you alone as my physician  
And have you catch it.

*Hero.*— Why so it is Antony.

*Ant.*—As we have our wishes we must be happy.  
(*He embraces her, she takes a tie from him.*)

*Hero.*—This will I keep.

*Ant.*— I cannot be without it  
From here to home.

*Hero.*— You must.

*Ant.*—I'll not. (*Goes to take it from her. Enter Leo.*)

*Leo.*— Hem, Hem.  
Let the patient enter the consultation.  
Come Anthony you are wanted.

*Ant.*—Give me my tie.

*Hero.*—No, No. My father is waiting. (*Exit Ant. Leo.*) I'll  
Not give it to him. I'll hide it. But where?  
I'll make a garter of it and let him  
Take it off to-night for then I'll be his wife  
And t'will please him. Oh Antony in my eyes  
Thou alone of all men art to be loved. (*Ties on the garter*)  
Tis quite a novel way of pleasing him,  
But I guess he'll not think less of me for it. (*Enter Char.*)

Oh Charles, welcome. This is a gala day,  
From all quarters. Glad I am you have returned

*Char.*—It does feel good to be amongst the old  
Familiar scenes and faces once again.

*Hero.*)—It seems more than an age since you left.  
You will remain amongst us now I hope.

*Char.*—Yes I will remain among those I love.

*Hero.*—How was it abroad, did you like it ?

*Char.*—Anything that I could wish for was mine,  
But that is naught, wealth, station, fame or sport  
All are nothing without love, that I had  
Left behind.

*Hero.*—Were there no friends or ladies there  
That you admired ?

*Char.*—No, No. They say, man truly loves but once.

*Hero.*—And was your love here ?

*Char.*— Yes Hero.

*Hero.*— And why  
Did you not send for her ?

*Char.*—Would she have come ?

*Hero.*—Why sure she would, if she loved you.

*Char.*— Hero,  
Can't you see, 'tis you I mean, 'tis you I love.  
'Tis for you I've pined these five long years.

(*He embraces her. Marg. appear and exit.*)

*Hero.*—Then you must learn to forget me. I spoke  
But as a friend to you, not thinking you'd  
Take this privelege. You know I never  
Loved you even as a boy. Besides, I will  
Be Anthony's bride ere night.

*Char.*— What ! You'll marry  
Antony, that drone, who dares no further  
Than calling distance from his mother ?

*Hero.*—Save yourself and tell him so.

*Char.*— No ! I'll not  
Speak as much to him.

*Hero.*— I thought so, but  
You would were he a woman, brave soldier.

*Char.*—T'was not in fear I spoke but in honor,  
I am no more within his sphere,  
No, nor ever was, As a boy I used  
His company for pastime.

*Hero.*— And he used you  
As a mop for pastime.

*Char.*— With his strength he did,  
But of that the ignorant have the most,  
And such he is, born to sleep and rot  
In his mother's lap, while I went about  
The world and fought through fire and smoke for fortune  
And a name.

*Hero.*— In sham battles you might have,  
For you never were where courage alone  
Would bring you. If I had Antony's name,  
I would not trade for yours, besides, I'd rather  
Have him just plain body and soul, than you  
With all the polishings from titles  
Ever bestowed.

*Char.*— My business now is with  
Your father. Will you call him?

*Hero.*— I believe,  
He is coming. (*Enter Ant. Leo. Abr. following.*)

*Ant.*—If ever a man did die of ecstasy I will to-day,  
Why Charles, how are you? (*Reaches out his hand. Chas.*  
*coldly salutes.*)

*Char. to Hero.*— I have business with  
Your father.

*Hero.*— Antony, I  
Have oft been told, that they who inherit  
Fame or fortune, use either like fools would  
Through ignorance of the way,  
Now I believe it. (*Char. Abr. Leo. converse.*)

*Ant.*—It cannot be he's grown so proud. No, Hero,  
He has been through much excitement the last

Few days which has quite unnerved him, when that  
Is settled he will regret this, and I'll  
Forgive him.

*Hero.*— Perhaps. But  
You should remember he was ever so.

*Ant.*—Well, forget that now and give me my tie.

*Hero.*—No, I will not.

*Ant.*— You must, I cannot venture  
From here to home without it.

*Hero.*—You must, for I cannot give it to you now.

*Ant.*—And why not?

*Hero.*— Never mind, I will get you  
One of my father's.

*Ant.*— And why not my own?  
Tell me.

*Hero.*— I'll not, another is as good.

*Ant.*—I must know why not my own.

*Hero.*—Well, if you must know, it is my garter,  
And let it be till you yourself this night  
Remove it, for then we will be wedded.

*Ant.*—A kiss and it's a bargain. (*They kiss.*)

*Hero.*— And  
If any man can show you it ere night,  
I will not deny he has seduced me.

*Ant.*—And I will hold you to your word.

*Char. aside.*—I would give my office for that tie.

*Hero.*— Come  
We'll after Theresa and Margaret  
And prepare us for the parade. (*Exit both.*)

*Char.*— Now all's  
Complete for our exchanging offices  
This noon.

*Abr.*—I have for weeks been getting ready,  
Wait, I will get the papers. (*Exit Abr.*)

*Char.*— Leopole,  
 You are jealous of this Antony, who  
 Conquered you by accident, and who now  
 Wears your honors. He who is looked at  
 As a hero, while you are passed by but  
 As a common man. Say that you are.

*Leo.*— Well,  
 No doubt I'd like the honors, but he earned them.

*Char.*—But you can have them, and I will help you  
 Get them and pay you well for what you do  
 Towards getting them. I would rather see you  
 Than he looked up to.

*Leo.*—I would have to conquer him ere they'd be mine.

*Char.*—I say no. Listen, you are a friend  
 Of Theresa, Hero's maid.

*Leo.*— Yes.

*Char.*— Well,  
 Hero wears a necktie as a garter,  
 Get that for me and I will make you rich,  
 And honored. With Theresa's help you can.  
 No questions now, do as I bid and I'll  
 Do as I said, make you rich and honored.

*Leo.*—I would do anything to be again  
 In favor.

*Char.*—They are in there, go do your best  
 To get that tie, 'tis worth a fortune. (*Enter Abr. Leo*  
*starts out.*)

*Abr.*—Here are the papers.

(*Scene closes.*)

## (Scene 2.) A Street.

(Enter jagged citizens from one side. Bill from the other.)

*1st Cit.*—Hurra! These sporting days don't come often. Come we will have another drink.

*Bill.*—What cronicaled event has earned this holiday?

*1st Cit.*—Well, if here ain't Bill and jollying as usual. Come make up the party, we're in for a good time. Are you with us?

*Bill.*—And where are you making for?

*1st Cit.*—To the Cobweb first, then to see the parade. Are you with us?

*Bill.*—Am I with you? Well I guess. But say, is Tom going?

*1st Cit.*—Why, sure Tom is with us.

*Bill.*—Then count me out, then count me out. I am above his company.

*Tom.*—Now what is there about me causes this dislike?

*Bill.*—Oh, that headlight, that boquet on your face.

*Tom.*—Why, I bought that myself, and all else that I wear.

*Bill.*—You forgot, those clothes there're from my last donation day. I will have to have another, you begin to look seedy. Next Monday, Tom.

*Tom.*—You talk of donating. All you own that's not on your back is security for your board.

*1st Cit.*—No more boys, for here comes Charles, the newly elected. (Enter Charles.)

*Bill, Tom, Cit.*—Hurra! for Charles.

*Char. salutes.*—Tanks friends, come have a drink.

*Cit.*—Certainly.

*Bill.*—With pleasure.

*Tom.*—At your service.

*Bill.*—That tickles us, ay Tom?

*Tom.*—A good man for the office, the election should come oftener.

*Char.*—Come everybody. (Exit Char.)

*Tom.*—That's unnecessary coaxing. (*Exit Tom, Bill.*)

*1st Cit.*—A wise man is Charles, now we shall have good judging.

*2d Cit.*—Wise he is, and we shall.

*1st Cit.*—He looked wise.

*2d Cit.*—He did that.

*1st Cit.*—Did you note how little he said, and how stern he looked, and how he did salute. That's wisdom, that's learning. Now you have seen a great man.

*2d Cit.*—Ay.

*1st Cit.*—But come, we'll be with them. (*Exit Citizens.*)  
(*Scene closes*)

### (Scene 3.)    *A Barroom.*

(*Leo. and Alice discovered.*)

*Alice.*—                    Come, Leopole be merry,  
This sullenness does not become you and  
You have no cause for being so. One defeat  
Is no disgrace, not when your victories  
Are summed up. 'Twas an honor to be matched  
To Antony. Come, let's be merry as usual.

*Leo.*—Go 'way, you prating fool. 'Twas such as you  
Caused my defeat, you, who make the fortunate  
Your victims, and prey on them so long  
As they have money, then cast them off for others,  
Go way, I say. I cast you off  
Before I'm so far gone that you'll cast me.

*Alice.*—Oh I'm not so sorry as you thought I'd be,  
But I'll get even with you for this.

(*Enter Char., Bill, Tom., Cit., they go to the bar.*)

*All.*—Hurrah for Charles.

*Char.*—Come what will it be? (*They drink.*)

*Leo.*—Such is fortune's greeting no man gets it.

My fortune got it once but  
Both have left me. Why are there two such words  
As fortune and favour?

One is superfluous, they mean the same,  
 They are inseperable, no man has  
 Either, they come and go together as  
 Natural, as heat and cold to summer  
 And winter. They are what all are after  
 But few get, and no man seeks them singly.  
 'Tis misery to want them, 'tis misery  
 To have them, and yet they're wanted. They were  
 Mine once but they escaped me, and now I  
 Seek again. Charles will aid me if I will  
 Be false to Antony who has so much  
 Befriended me. Who would not if they could  
 By crooked by-ways come to fortune, if  
 Naught but poeple's opinion were the punishment?  
 None but the simple.  
 And they alone for want of reason, would doubt  
 The outcome of a chance. I'll not be such.  
 I will do anything to be again  
 With fortune and with favour. Who is there  
 That has had a leadership o'er his companions,  
 An assendancy o'er all, could endure  
 Being common and with my chance? Oh fame,  
 Why is thy charm so strong? Why is thy yield  
 So great? Why is the entrance to your domain  
 So complicated, and yet to seem so simple?  
 Art thou the curse from heaven to Adam?

*Bill.*—Hurra! He has our voices. None before  
 Him was as good, ay Tom?

*Tom.*—Hurra! He's in my favour.

*Cit's.*—Hurra! (*Char. comes to Leo.*)

*Char.*—Well Leopole, why so gloomy? Come have one.

*Leo.*— I'm gloomy for your good  
 And mine. 'Tis brooding harm to Antony  
 Makes me so.

*Char.*—Yes, we must down him, and that  
 To-day. No doubt he'll be a spectator  
 To the parade from his house. If some accident  
 Should happen there, and blame him for it?



*Leo.*—He'll view it from his porch and that is lined  
With cobbles. If one of them could be pushed off  
While he is there? (*Alice listening.*)

*Char.*—And as I pass. Do that  
And your fortune will return. (*They whisper.*) (*Bill,*  
*Tom, Citizens shaking dice.*)

*Bill.*—'Twas a duce.

*Tom.*—'Twas a six.

*Bill.*—'Twas a duce.

*Tom.*—'Twas a six I say. Afraid you'll get stuck?

*Bill.*—No, you loggerheaded fool, but I'll not get cheated.

*Tom.*—Who's a loggerheaded fool?

*Bill.*—You! (*They fight, Citizens try to stop them.*)

*Cit.*—Come, stop, be friends. Bill, Tom, stop!

*Proprietor.*—Go outside for such business. I'll have no disturbance in my place. (*Rushes them out.*)

*Leo.*—And what is your motive  
In downing Antony?

*Char.*— You know Hero,  
Whom he is to wed to-day? I wished her  
For myself, but she this morning snubbed me  
And went to praising Antony so  
She must have broken my gall, and I'll never  
Rest easy if they are happy.

*Leo.*—What does the tie in this?

*Char.*— Did you get it?

*Leo.*—No, but I will, for I have bargained with Theresa  
To procure it, and what I wish she'll do.

*Char.*— Then get it  
Without fail, for with that I'll torture him  
If nothing more. Well, I must away. Don't fail  
But have an accident before his house.

*Leo.*—I will try all possible means to.

*Alice.*— And I  
Will try all possible means to stop you.

*Char.*—Who is this thing?

*Alice*.—This thing is what knows all your plans.

*Char*.—What, spying on us ?

*Alice*.—No, accidentally overheard.

*Char*.—You lie. You have been spying.

*Alice*.—And if I have, what of it ?

*Char*.—Yes, what of it, even if you did hear all we said ?

*Alice*.—Oh, I might bother you a bit, if I—  
See Antony first.

*Char*.—You bother us, you fallen witch,  
One word from me would lock you up for months.

*Alice*.—Then say the word and lock me up, if you can,  
But I'll do some mischief first, and you can blame  
Him for it. I have befriended him  
In all I could for more than a year, and  
Now he turns me off as trash and blames me  
For his misfortune. Leopole, that was  
A dose of poison to me, rank poison,  
And it will take something rank to drive it out.  
I will bring your plans to Antony, that  
May relieve me some. So Good-Bye. I'll see  
Whether you'll wear his honors or not. (*Starts to go.*)

*Char*.—Stop her. (*Leo stops her.*)

We'll keep you from harm until you are harmless. (*To proprietor.*) Have you a room we can lock her in for a few hours ?

*Prop*.—Right here. Bring her in.

*Char*.—I've never been fooled by man, so I'll not let woman start it. Put her in there ! (*Alice fights and screams.*) (*To prop.*) Let her out in a couple of hours.

Now, Leopole,  
I will go meet the procession. You go  
To Antony's, and don't fail or weaken  
In our plans, for there's much for you to gain,  
And my revenge.

(*Scene closes.*)

## Act II. *Before Antony's Home.*

(*Citizens discovered lined up like viewing a parade.*)

(*Enter Tom, Bill and Citizens.*)

*Bill.*—We'll find no better place, let's wait here until they have passed.

*Tom.*—'Twill be a long wait without a drink. Keep moving, we'll meet some place to stop in. It's better than standing here.

*Bill.*—You've got a good load aboard now, let that settle, then you'll have time and room for another.

*Tom.*—Your load must bother you that you refuse.

*Bill.*—I have a little sense.

*Tom.*—I never saw you pass a barroom when you had cents enough to buy a drink.

*Bill.*—You never got that blossom from fresh air. (*Enter Ant., Hero, Marg., Ther.*) Look, there's Antony. Hurra, for Antony!

*All.*—Hurra!

*Ant.*—Thanks friends,  
For such you must be to give this greeting  
To one who has not earned it. You better  
Save your lungs, for there are some coming soon  
Who deserve your applause.

*Tom.*—If I had done what you have, I would knock him down, who would not greet me well.

*Ant.*—Here is the porch all fitted for our comfort.

*Hero.*—And a lovely view for quite a distance  
Up and down.

*Marg.*—That's why we gave  
The invitation. 'Twer hardly worth one  
From a lesser view.

*Ant.*—We have not long to place ourselves, so we  
May as well use all the time. But where is  
Leopole?

*Ther.*— He had an errand to fulfil  
But promised to be here ere now. Here he comes.  
You go in the while, I'll wait for him.

*Ant.*—Another private interview, still you'll  
Deny your sick.

*Ther.*—Well I'll not have your physician  
For you grow worse.

*Marg.*—What you say Antony, seems but to feed her wit.  
(*Exit Ant., Hero, Marg. Enter Leo. Ther. helps them in.*)

*Leo. (aside)*—Now to my fiendish work, for such it is,  
To mention friendly things to Antony  
While I think but of harming him, the which  
I am sorry is necessary to  
My ambitious desires. Why was I  
Ever famous? That now I must so envy  
Antony to sustain myself and  
In the guise of friendship play the villian.  
Oh, dam this weakening. I'll not endure  
Being common. (*Ther. comes to Leo.*)

*Ther.*— You are very punctual.

*Leo.*—There is a clock in every lover's mind,  
That is regular through love, and he who  
Is tardy in his love meetings, loves not.

*Ther.*—You talk of love to me I doubt you,  
You know so many others.

*Leo.*— Were we not  
So conspicuous here, I would prove my love.  
If humbling myself to you would do it.

*Ther.*—You seem to cold and wise for a lover.

*Leo.*— These citizens, these slaves  
Of love and passion, would mock at true love  
Were they to see it. But tell me, have you  
The tie you promised to procure?

*Ther.*— Yes, here it is,  
But I would like to know what value it has  
To you.

*Leo.*— 'T was Antonys, he wore it as

A mascot, he claimed it had a charm, and  
As I am superstitious, I value it.

*Ther.*—They must not know how you came by it.

*Leo.*—They never shall. (*Antony appears on porch.*)

*Ant.*— I know a stanza  
That each of you could sing to the other  
And save your wit, for 'tis just what you wish  
To say: I love my love in the morning, I love,  
(*Hero, Marg. come on the porch.*)  
But come up they are approaching. (*Exit Leo, Theo.*)

*Bill.*—He is wide in the shoulders.

*Tom.*—Less than Antony and smaller legged.

*Bill.*—Use your eyes, use your eyes man, and see  
That Leopole is larger every way  
And better proportioned.

*Tom.*— Man you talk through drink.  
'Tis plain to common sense, that Antony  
Is best man, he conquered Leopole.  
Could he if he were worse?

(*Officer passes and places them in line.*)

*Bill.*—Yes when Leopold let him. There was naught  
At stake. Leopole would wager  
A dozen fortunes on another trial,  
But Antony refuses for fear.

*Tom.*— He lost  
his reputation that was worth a fortune.

*Bill.*—What is reputation? wind, nothing else.

*Tom.*—'Tis on reputation most money's made.

*Bill.*—Have your way to stop your crying.

*Tom.*— I'm not  
crying and I wont be. But you know I'm right.

*Bill.*—Go sleep it off, your brain is muddy.

*Tom.*—No, my brain is not muddy.

*Bill.*—Go away. (*Pushes him.*)

*Tom.*—No, I'll not go.

*Bill.*—Go away I say, I'm through with you. (*Pushes him again.*)

*Tom.*—No, you can't push me. (*They fight, officer arrests them.*)

*Bill.*—'T was his fault.

*Tom.*—No, he began it by insulting me.

(*Exit officer, Bill, Tom prisoners.*)

*Hero.*—

How brutal were

Those men, I should think, their bones are broken.

*Ant.*—They are intoxicated and cannot

Hurt each other. They will forget this, and

Be friends when they are sober.

*Hero.*—You seem well schooled as to the effect of drink.

*Ant.*—Oh well, a man needs not be a debauch

To know the effects of liquor, a few

Good sprees will teach him.

*Hero.*—I thought my Antony was temperate.

*Ant.*—I have been since I told you so, but I

Had sprees before then. (*Enter the porch Leo, Ther.*)

*Leo. (aside.)*—This cobble must I push off

While Charles is passing as though Antony

Maliciously had hurled it at him. I am

Not myself. I would do what 'ere is prompted.

*Ant.*—Oh, such a spectacle. Look! Look! He was wise

Who first suggested uniforms for soldiers,

For while formidable to the enemy

They inspire a friend. See how more imposing

Than the citizens, and yet they are but people.

*Marg.*—I think Antony chose wrong to become

An athlete.

*Hero.*—A soldier is so much abroad. (*Band passes.*)

*Ant.*—

And this martial music,

Makes one almost wish for foes.

*Leo. aside.*—You need not wish for them,

Keep interested so 'twill make my task

More easy. (*A company passes.*)

*Ant.*—This is a brave company, Captain Beache's,

Look, that's he with the medals. They're for

His bravery, they rhyme to his courage,

The hottest fight is his delight.

His comrades seem to know naught but stories  
Praising him.

But see, here comes Charles, how imposing grand.

*Leo. aside.*—My cue to be prepared.

*Ant.*—There is a charm

In fame makes all curious to see him

They would pass a thousand times unnoticed

Were he unknown. (*Appear Char., Abr. on horseback.*)

*Leo. aside.*—Be steady my hand

For if by accident I should down Charles,

I down myself. (*Ant. leans far over.*)

*Ant.*—Hurra for Charles. (*Leo. pushes cobble.*)

*Char.*—Treachery, traitors, a conspiracy, (*he unhorses himself*).

Soldiers seize him, surround the house, cut off

His escape. 'Twas Antony hurled this cobble

Towards our person; seize him he is a traitor,

Search the house for more, he shall be rewarded,

Who 'ere takes him or his accomplices,

For no doubt he is not alone in this.

How can we govern safely with enemies

So near in friendship to our person?

*Ant.*—What madcap spouting do you here to call me

Traitor, and offer honors to my captors? (*jumps down.*)

Here, win them yourself, for I did ever

Wish to help you to them. (*Exit above, Hero, Ther., Marg.*)

*Char.*—Seize him, he is

Dangerous who so publicly offers harm.

*Abr.*—There must be some mistake, an accident.

*Char.*—An accident, to come so near my life?

No, 'tis a studied plot, I saw him hurl it.

*Ant.*—You lie!

And know you do, but you're so used to that

You have them studied and they come easy,

But this is serious, I'll not deny

I caused that cobble to fall, but 'twas an accident.

*Char.*—You lie! I saw you hurl it!

*Ant.*— I'll crowd  
That lie back in spite of your position. (*Ant. downs him.*)

*Char.*—Seize him men. (*Soldiers hold Ant.*)  
(*Enter Hero, Marg., Ther., Leo.*)

*Hero.*— My Antony, was it  
Your accident caused this transformation  
From blissful liberty to stern captivity?

*Ant.*— That's his excuse,  
But I swear he has some deeper motive  
That prompts him to it.

*Hero to Char.*—And do you for this wish him prisoner?

*Char.*—What more terrible crime could he commit,  
Than attempt the lives of the duke's officers?

*Hero.*— 'Tis false,  
I swear it! I have been his inmost friend  
For many years and I know his mind,  
And have oft heard him praise  
Your qualities and ambition. He was  
The first to applaud your every promotion,  
Of all your friends he was most eager to hear from you,  
And good news he would address as though  
Your person with: Brave, Charles, with but a few  
More strides we shall say Great Charles. 'Twas he  
Suggested as my father knows, all these  
New entertainments for to-day, and he  
Worked for their completion so incessantly,  
There was no time for conspiring. And now  
You call him your enemy and a traitor  
For this small accident that only seemed to harm.

*Char.*—This is no woman's affair.

*Hero.*— I did not  
Wish to settle it, but I told what I know.

*Char.*—It matters not what you do know, friendship  
Must be forgot in dealing with traitors.

(*To Cap.*)—Captain, deal with him quickly and severely,  
We'll rid ourselves of traitors. You have my orders.



*Abr.*— Stop, you have not mine,  
And I am master yet. From noon my office  
Will be yours, but till then I shall command.

*Char.*—There's no commanding in this case, there is  
A special decree to hang all traitors.

*Abr.*—Yes, when it's proven they're traitors.

*Char.*—And is he not who came so near my life?

*Abr.*—It is not proven.

*Char.*—He shall be arrested and tried?

*Abr.*—That he shall.

*Char.*—Captain,  
Take him to prison and have him doubly  
Bound and guarded.

*Abr.*— Citizens,  
As the gods with their disposing power,  
Have thought best to place in Antony's lot  
This accident by which his enemies  
Do draw suspicion on him, he shall  
For their satisfaction be tried just like  
A criminal. So we must  
Postpone our celebration, and once more  
Do our office duties which we thought were through.

*Char.*—Away with him to prison.

(*Exit Char., Leo. one side, the rest the other.*)

(*Scene closes.*)

## (Scene 2.) A Street.

(*Enter Citizens Meeting.*)

*1st Cit.*—Hallo Jack! Where away so fast?

*Jack.*—I'm going to dress up and go to the trial.

*1st Cit.*—What trial is to you so interesting?

*Jack.*—You ask what trial? Why, where have you been man,  
drunk or fishing?

*1st Cit.*—Neither, but what makes you so excited?

*Jack.*—And have you not heard that Bill and Tom are arrested, and Antony, the athlete,\* too ?

*Cit.*—Bill and Tom and Antony. What's Antony done ?

*Jack.*—Attempt on the life of Charles. While he was passing Antony's house, Antony from a porch hurled a cobble at him and most killed him. They think it is some conspiracy and more are in it whom they must catch, but they will try Antony right off.

*Cit.*—Is Charles hurt much ?

*Jack.*—Just scraped his leg, he was on horseback.

*Cit.*— Could'nt Antony escape ?

*Jack.*—He didn't try. He was on the porch and Charles was offering rewards to who would capture him, and he jumped down and says : "Take me yourself."

*Cit.*—The fool. Got scared after he'd done it, no doubt.

*Jack.*—No, no, he claimed 'twas an accident he could not help.

*Cit.*—The law won't excuse him from that. Accidents don't count in law. When I fell through Jerry's window 'twas an accident, but I had to pay.

*2d Cit.*—He's gone for if he monkeys with the law.

*Jack.*—Well, he's arrested, and I am going to see what they'll do with him. Charles wanted the soldiers to take and hang him from where they were, but old Abe wouldn't have it. He said he had to be tried first.

*1st Cit.*—Oh, he'll go free, I bet. He goes with Abe's daughter, he's in the clique. If it were any one of us, they'd a shot us on the spot.

*Jack.*—I don't think Antony's a traitor. I think 'twas an accident.

*2d Cit.*—So do I, I don't think he's that kind.

*1st Cit.*—Why should he turn traitor ? Sure not for gain, and I'd rather have his honors than Charles.

*2d Cit.*—And I. But why are Bill and Tom in again ? Fighting I suppose.

*Jack.*—They were arguing and neither would give the other the point and be laughed at, so they fought it out.

*1st Cit.*—Who whipped ?

*Jack.*—'Twas close, they're both game.

*1st Cit.*—Both brave men with lots of sand. You must knock out either to make him give in.

*2d Cit.*—I've seen both take hard trashings and not squeal.

*Jack.*—'Twas a pretty fight as far as it went, and if it had not been stopped, it'd a been well worth seeing through. Tom gave Bill a nice uppercut.

*2d Cit.*—Who stopped them ?

*Jack.*—Oh, thick Dugan, and if I'd a been either, I'd a given him one would a done him good.

*2d Cit.*—One is all he'd stand, he's a very coward, no more sand than a rabbit. He got a good punishment from me once before he was officer. He's no good.

*Jack.*—Well, I'm off, I want to see this trial. Coming ?

*All.*—Shure.

(*Scene closes.*)

### (Scene 3.) *Charles, Officers in Courthouse.*

(*Enter Char., Leo and guards.*)

*Char.*—Go, guards,  
Try and find accomplices in this plot,  
Leave us, for I think we're safe within  
These walls. (*Exit guards.*)

Dam your clumsiness that almost  
Made me cripple.

*Leo.*—'Twas not intended I  
Assure you. But then 'tis well, 'twill make our plot  
More like a treacherous conspiracy  
Against your person.

*Char.*—What ! To cripple me  
For evidence against my enemies ?  
Hold you my word so light ? No, no, my word's  
Enough. I, as their future judge must have  
Some power, and I say : He is a traitor.

*Leo.*—Yes, but Abraham, the present judge  
Will not believe it. He has some power.

*Char.*— He must believe it !  
I'll not let that gray bearded fool best me,  
Besides he can reckon the lasting of  
His power in minutes, it is so short,  
Then I will have full sway, and woe to him  
Who interferes with or proposes aught  
Against my wishes.

*Leo.*— Yes, but Abe is still  
In power and will be through this trial.

*Char.*—How can we prevent it?

*Leo.*— Why, I will be  
A doubtful witness, as though I knew not  
How to think, neither favouring nor opposing  
Antony. One that has seen much and yet  
Knows little, and I'll be as though unwilling  
To disclose that little. And then you make  
The questioning of me very minute.  
That way this trial will easily outlast  
The remainder of his term.

*Char.*— Good point,  
You should have studied law.

*Leo.*—But I see they're coming, 'twere best we were  
Not seen together in private. I'll be  
Away and you can learn their plans.

*Char.*— Be where  
I can find you. (*Exit Leo.*) Now to convince old Abe  
There was a plot against me. (*rubs his leg.*)  
I'd much rather  
This had not happened. (*Enter Abr. and others.*)

*Abr.*— Go find the officers  
Of this court and summon them for speedy  
Business. (*Exit Officers.*) (*To Char.*) A sad task you've  
Made for me by accusing Antony of treason.

*Char.*—Sad indeed, sad to you and sad to me,  
For who would have ever thought that treason

Lurked, where I looked for my warmest friendship,  
That makes me sad.

*Abr.*—You lie, you cur, Antony's no traitor,  
Nor he never bore a treacherous thought  
Against you, nor he'd never hear one spoke  
Without through loyalty, he would proclaim  
It's author. No, no, 'tis that empty hotbed  
Of lies you call your brain, lied to your mind  
That there was cause for jealousy, for there  
Is nothing else to prompt this  
Terrible accusation. But it is  
Well you may be jealous of one you are,  
So much inferior to. But until  
You are king of all the earth, until your  
Word alone is law, you'll not harm Antony  
Unjustly.

*Char.*—When one has so plain to all beholders,  
Come so near my life, is it then unjust  
To accuse that one of treason? I think  
It is a loyal sacrifice when that one  
Is so dear a friend.

*Abr.*— You sacrifice  
Your friendship, it must be very fickle,  
I pity him whose livelihood depended  
On it.

*Char.*—I want no more scolding. He's to  
Be tried, then let him prove he's innocent. (*Exit Char.*)

*Abr.*—There's no treachery on record that has  
A more contemptable object than your own,  
That Antony is innocent, I would  
Stake my life, my honor and my fortune  
On it. I am so confident that had  
He fled, I'd stand his trial, if God above  
Who knows his conscience, were to be judge.

(*Enter Officers of Court.*)

Fellow officers of this court, though we  
Have named this day a holiday and set  
It apart for celebration, we find

It necessary through an unforeseen  
 Happening to retract our edict and  
 Make this one of our busiest days, for  
 Great Antony, whom you all know, is accused  
 Of treason gainst Charles, whom we were to  
 Install in our stead. So you all prepare  
 Yourselves with your utmost speed. (*Exit Officers.*)  
 Oh God in heaven, look down upon thy  
 Noble Antony and aid him in thy  
 Mysterious way, for well thou knowest  
 He is an innocent victim of proud  
 Charles' spite. (*Exit Abr., enter Char., Leo.*)

*Leo.*—A well laid plot, your quite an architect.

*Char.*—And if, like a builder, you follow my  
 Plans, you'll build the evidence that will crush  
 Antony, and you'll build yourself once more  
 To fame and fortune.

*Leo.*— I am to far gone  
 In this to flinch at anything. But that tie,  
 You have no use for it now. (*Shows the tie.*)

*Char.*— Shure I have (*takes the tie*)  
 I thought at first that this should bring me my  
 Revenge, but for that we've other means, so  
 With this I'll worry him and feed my spite.  
 Go you to him, wear this, wear it where he'll  
 See it, as though by accident, wear it  
 Loosely as though it had no value, and,  
 Should he question you, why invent some lie,  
 As, some friend of yours took it from his mistresses  
 Leg. Mention a struggle for it and how  
 Some oath went with her wearing it. Why I  
 Could coin lies forever with this start, and  
 Each would be as a knife to him. (*Exit Leo.*)

All goes well,

All seem to be in sympathy with me  
 And aiding me to my revenge. I never  
 Ment to be so hard on Antony, but  
 This chance offered to me when I was hot

With rage at Hero's refusal, seemed like  
 The only means to sooth me, and I have  
 Ventured till there is so retiring. (*Enter Hero.*)  
 Ah Hero, you are indeed a welcome  
 Sight to me in my misfortune.

*Hero.*— I am not here  
 To please you, but to sue to you, my lord.

*Char.*—I am not your lord. Be more intimate Hero.

*Hero.*—You hold Antony's liberty in your  
 Power, so you are his lord, and his lord  
 Is mine. You can proclaim him innocent  
 And set him free, 'tis for that I came to sue.

*Char.*—Hero, believe me, Antony's transgression  
 Wounds me as much as you, but we must be  
 Severe with traitors to discourage them.

*Hero.*—Antony's no traitor as you know well.  
 You dare speak of him but not to him as such.

*Char.*—Why bother ourselves of him, you know a  
 Traitors doom is death. He was much to you  
 But soon shall be no more, then may I sue  
 In your affections to take his place?

*Hero.*—Think you I would encourage a man who  
 Downed my Antony? No! If Antony  
 Dies, why so do I to all the world. I  
 Would live and die a dry old spinster with  
 No occupation but training flowers  
 For his monument. But Charles, I came to  
 Beg of you to retract your charge and set  
 My Antony free.

*Char.*— There's but one way to  
 Set him free, and that's at your disposal.

*Hero.*—And how is that?

*Char.*— Give your consent to be  
 My wife and Antony shall live.

*Hero.*—If I wished to become your wife I would  
 Not sue for Antony's freedom, for I  
 Did not think my chance with you was doubtful.

*Char.*—For your consent to marry me, and for  
Nothing else will I aid this traitor to  
His liberty.

*Hero.*—Then give me time to bring this proposition  
To him. If he consents, why so do I.  
I will sacrifice myself for him. (*Exit Hero.*)

*Char.*—I never thought I would have her so soon  
In supplication t'wards me, nor did she,  
When she this morning so proudly spurned me.  
But nor his consent nor your consent  
Can make me aid to save him now, for then  
I'd be suspected. (*Enter Alice.*)

*Alice.*—I like the way you kept me prisoner.

*Char.*—Well, no doubt it tamed you.

*Alice.*—Oh no, it has made me wild and I've heard  
What you have done and what else you intend.  
But I will stop you by telling what I  
Overheard this morning. That will be my  
Revenge, and perhaps it will tame you. I  
Thought to find a lady here and tell her  
What I heard but now that she is gone I'll  
Go tell Antony, it might be useful  
To him.

*Char.*— No, no. Don't go to him!

*Alice.*— Oh, but  
I will, for what I know is a burden  
On my mind, and I wish to be relieved. (*Approach Abr.*)

*Char.*—You shall not go.

*Alice.*—But I'm going. (*Starts out.*)

*Char.*—I say you won't go, and you won't. (*Stops her.*)

*Alice.*—Let me go. Help! (*Abr. separates them.*)

*Abr.*—The lady wishes to go. (*to Alice*) Go!

(*Exit Alice.*)

(*Scene closes.*)



### Act. III. *A Prison Cell and Courtyard.*

*(Antony discovered bound.)*

*Ant.*—Heaven grant me depth of reason to clear  
 The mystery which surrounds my being here,  
 There never happened, that I remember  
 T'wix Charles and I, aught that could gall him thus  
 To disgrace me for revenge. Could my fame  
 Have made him wish to crush me, and could that  
 Star which rules my destiny, have caused that  
 Cobble to fall for his opportunity?  
 No, our professions are so different,  
 They never could cause jealousy. Can it  
 Be writ in my destiny, that this accident  
 Should seem like treachery to Charles? No, no,  
 There's something gall's him, that he gave so cold  
 A greeting for a so long separated  
 Friend. I hope my being Hero's choice is  
 No motive for his hateing me, but  
 Who knows? Rejected lovers have become  
 So desperate, no punishment had terrors  
 For them. If I thought she favored him, but  
 Chung to me for her promises sake I  
 Willingly would forget her for him, but  
 If by cheat he tried to part us he would  
 Have to tear me from her each joint singly.

*(Enter the yard Wiggins and Assistants.)*

*Wig.*—Come, Swipes, there's not much time. We may use this  
 grave to-day. You dig here.

*Swi.*—Now why should I dig? They won't bury him in the  
 court yard. 'Twill be unnecessary work on me and I think  
 I do enough for my pay.

*Wig.*—You've done nothing but run for grog to-day.

*Swi.*—There was nothing else to do, and there is no need of  
 looking for unnecessary work.

*Wig.*—If he is to be shot we'll bury him here. So you dig a  
 grave.

*Swi.*—It know it will be unnecessary work on me and then filling it up again, more unnecessary work.

*Wig.*—It must be done, so dig away.

*Swi.*—This way or that ?

*Wig.*—Length ways of course.

*Swi.*—How long ?

*Wig.*—Well, he's tall, make it twice your shovel.

And you joiners, here's your timbers, build a gallows.

(*they go to work.*)

Now I've

Known Antony from boyhood until now,

And a wilder boy there never was.

Well liked and honest outside of what boy's

Motto teaches ; that, stolen fruit is sweetest ;

He was the last man I thought to have as

Prisioner. (*Joiners hammer, Antony starts.*)

*Ant.*—What fickle fear this forced confinement gives.

I start like one with a guilty conscience.

(*Wig. knocking*) Hallo Antony.

*Ant.*—Hallo you.

*Wig.*—May I come in ?

*Ant.*—If I could let you in I'd not be here myself.

(*Enter Wig., Joiners hammer.*)

*Ant.*—What hammering is that, it quite unnerves me,

But I know not why.

*Wig.*—'Tis a gallows they are building.

*Ant.*—For who ?

*Wig.*—Perhaps for you.

*Ant.*—So serious. No, no. He may take

My honor but he cannot wish my life.

*Wig.*—I have often wished to wring your neck

When you were at my apples, but I never thought

I'd have to do it.

*Ant.*—

You never shall,

Not for my crimes, for were they all summed up,

There would be but a father's whipping due.

'Tis not for being a criminal that I

Am here, but for being an impediment  
Somehow to the desires of Charles, but I  
Know not whether it be in honor or  
In love.

*Wig.*— Antony,  
You've oft made me so desperate mad, I've  
Almost broke my teeth in grinding them and  
Cursing you in anger. Yet I believe  
You innocent in this. I believe you'd  
Take a farm for deviltry, but would not  
Steal an apple for it's value. (*Hero, Marg. enter yard.*)

*Marg.*—Charles made this proposition ?

*Hero.*—Yes.

*Marg.*—What will you do ?

*Hero.*— Just what my Antony  
Bids me do. If he will have his freedom,  
I'll be the ransom, if not I'll die  
With him, I'll not have Antony either  
Way, so there's no choice but death, for to  
Live without him I will not. What's this, a  
Gallows and a grave ? They must be for  
Antony.

*Marg.*—I'll ask him. (*to Swipes.*)

May I ask you what you are doing ?

*Swi.*—Certainly.

*Marg.*—Well, what are you doing ?

*Swi.*—Unnecessary work.

*Marg.*—What is it to be ?

*Swi.*—A grave.

*Marg.*—For whom ?

*Swi.*—For Wiggins, the jailor.

*Marg.*—Is he dead ?

*Swi.*—No.

*Marg.*—Then why are you digging a grave for him ?

*Swi.*—'Tis for him, but 'tis not his. He has a prisoner they will either hang or shoot. If they shoot him he gets buried here, so I must dig the prisoners grave for Wiggins. He's the jailor.

*Marg.*—Whose grave is it to be ?

*Swi.*—A genuine villian's, I assure you. One who has often plagued me most to death. I would be glad they sentenced him only it makes for me unnecessary work.

*Marg.*—Who is the villain ?

*Swi.*—One Antony, and I have oft wished him harm,  
I'm happy if they shoot him.

*Hero.*—He is not sentenced yet so don't you be  
Elated fool. And Margaret, until  
He is we will not mourn but try to aid him.

*Wig.*—I will believe you innocent no matter what the sentence  
but I cannot aid you for I am but hired. Good by.

(*Wig. comes out of cell.*)

*Ant.*—Good by Wiggins, and forget my misdemeanor.

*Hero.*—This must be the jailor. I'll ask him.

(*to Wig.*) Are you the jailor, sir ?

*Wig.*—Yes, Miss.

*Hero.*—Have you the care of Antony ?

*Wig.*—Yes, Miss.

*Hero.*—May we see him ?

*Wig.*—If he will have it certainly. He is in there.

*Marg.*—I am his sister.

*Wig.*—Then I guess he won't refuse to see you.

This way, but I must lock you in with him.

*Hero.*—Possession is nine points of the law. Then  
Charles with this much start could easily find  
Means to hold us there, but as long as he  
Holds Antony I wish to be held to. (*they enter.*)

*Ant.*—You are two more that I'll swear believe me  
Innocent.

*Hero.*—Oh Antony, what hellish fate is this  
Comes so abrupt into our happiness ?

*Ant.*—I know not Hero, unless it is our fate.

I can think of nothing that could be his  
Motive for wishing me removed, and I'll  
Swear he knows as well as God above that  
I'm no traitor, or ever saught his life.  
But how goes the cry among the citizens  
And my friends? Do they believe me guilty?

*Marg.*—All that I have heard do sympathize  
With you, not that they think you guilty, but  
For being unjustly charged with treason.

*Ant.*—What's being done towards my case?

*Marg.*—They are making all preparations for a  
Speedy trial ere Charles term begins.

*Hero.*—I've been to Charles to know his mind.

*Ant.*—What said he?

*Hero.*—He would have me think that your transgression  
As he called it, gave him much pain.

*Ant.*—Then he firmly intends to convict me?

*Hero.*—No, he made a proposition for your life.

*Ant.*—How liberal. Until now I never  
Knew he had the power to hang or shoot  
A man, or let him live just to his liking,  
But what's his proposition? I will listen  
How 'ere absurd.

*Hero.*—He says on this condition only will he  
Retract his charge. That I will marry him.

*Ant.*—So that's the cause of his dislike for me.  
And had he the nerve for this proposal?  
He must think me a degraded plebian  
Who loves himself alone. No, no, Hero,  
I love my wife and would sooner die than  
She should be sacrificed to him.  
A miserable measly coward  
And no one else would  
Try to benefit himself in this way.  
It cannot be that you encouraged him.

*Hero.*—I did not encourage him, I merely

Listened, thinking only of doing what  
I could for you. And when he finished I  
Came here in all haste for your opinion.

*Ant.*—You should know me better than to think me  
Of such fickle mettle. I'd never approve  
Of sacrificing you to save myself.

*Hero.*—Think Antony, he'll murder you if I refuse.

*Ant.*—No, no, my Hero. He has not so much  
Power. He has made a charge of treason  
Against me, and I must stand a trial.  
But he must prove it ere he can harm me,  
So I fear him not, no more than that he  
Can make much trouble for me if he chooses.

*(Leo. enter court yard.)*

*Leo.*— Now I am to do  
More dirty work. I am but Charles tool.  
Oh courage, this is no time to falter,  
I have been a fickle simpleton ever since  
I entered this plot against Antony.  
One thought makes me sorry and repenting  
And the next one gives me courage. I hope  
He will see this tie and then again I  
Hope he wont for fear of what he'll say.

*Hero.*—I will go to him once more, and see if I  
Can make him sorry for what he's done.

*Ant.*—No, no, your supplication will but make him prouder.

*Hero.*—I'll not feel satisfied till I've done all I can.

*Leo.*—Jailor, may I see Antony?

*Wig.*—He has company now. *(Hero knocks.)*  
But I guess they wish to leave, *(opens the door.)*

*Marg.*—You need not be lonesome for here comes  
Leopole, so I'll go away with Hero. *(Exit Hero, Marg.)*

*Leo.*—Antony, accept my sympathy,  
For a case like yours I never heard of.

*Ant.*—Thanks, Leopole, for I am anxious that my friends  
Should think me innocent. But Leopole,

Did you take note of how that cobble fell ?  
I was so interested I did not.

*Leo.*— I'm sure I did not, for I  
Was interested too. You did lean forward though.

*Ant.*— I was much interested,  
And so I think it happened, but it pains  
Me most that he I've done so much for, was  
So easily provoked to wish me harmed,  
For had he but common sense, he must know  
It was an accident.

*Leo.*— Perhaps there is  
Some rivalry between you.

*Ant.*— So it seems,  
For he now wishes Hero's hand in marriage.

*Leo.*—He knows not his own mind for within this hour  
He told me he would never marry, as  
He had the using of more women now  
Than he could tend to and stay healthy.

*Ant.*—Were you with him ?

*Leo.*—I went to pump him, for why he charged you  
With conspiracy. But he would not talk  
Of that, he seemed more interested in  
Some foolish woman as he called her, who  
Loved him unreasonably.

*Ant.*— Would he  
Not mention what caused his sudden hate for me ?

*Leo.*—No. As often as I broached your case, he would start off  
about this woman. Says he : She's a maid, mind you, about  
to be married to another, but she so loves me, she sought  
my aid to rid herself of this other, whom she cared not for.

*Ant.*—Would he not say if it was not impulse made him accuse  
me ?

*Leo.*—I tried him every way but 'twas no use,  
He would talk of nothing else but this maid. Why,  
Says he : She is so conquered by my charms,  
She will discard her promised husband,  
Though not point blanc, through modesty, so she

Brought a plot to him, to lure her lover  
From the scent.

*Ant.*— And is he so unconcerned  
About a life which almost depends on him?

*Leo.*—He said this plot was to remove  
Forever this prospecting husband  
As an impediment. And then he laughed.

*Ant.*—Who was this maid? and who her promised husband?

*Leo.*—He would not say. It seemed to please him most  
To keep that secret. He claimed I know her well  
But could never guess.  
Said how she loved him ere he went away  
But loved him more on his return.  
He thought his station made the extra love,  
That's why he cared so little for her.

*Ant.*—And how came he to her?

*Leo.* She came to him.  
And was overcome embracing him when  
Her lovers sister appeared and stopped the fun.  
But he has seen her since and she's now stale.  
She had her lovers necktie as a garter,  
Tied there with an oath, this he removed  
And cared so little for it, he threw it at me.  
And I thought so well of it that I do wear it.

*(Ant. sees it and starts.)*

*Ant.*—Who was she, say you?

*Leo.*—I know not, but no doubt some common strumpet.

*Ant.*— You lie!  
She who wore that tie was no such thing nor  
Ever stayed with Charles. 'Tis another of  
His dirty plots to sully her pure name,  
He's not content with ruining mine.

*Leo.*—Do you know her?

*Ant.*—No, no, no. But what he's done to me makes  
This opinion of him. No doubt 'tis true  
For there are many



That greatness will enamor. But you say,  
She brought some plot which would remove her husband?

*Leo.*—So he told me but he'd not mention what it was.

*Ant.*—And she was stale to him?

*Leo.*—Yes, Antony. But why this agitation?

*Ant.*—Oh nothing. Leopole, my being prisoner  
Has quite unnerved me, I am not fit  
To entertain you, Leopole, leave me  
As a friend. (*Leo. knocks.*)

*Leo.*—I will Antony, and will do my best  
To appease your prosecutor. (*Wig. unlocks.*)

*Leo.*— Good by, Antony.

*Ant.*—Good by. (*Exit Leo. to court yard.*)

*Leo.*—That must have hurt. 'Twill cause  
This mental agony which has nothing  
Visable for arrousing sympathy,  
Like the bleeding of some painless cut which  
Would bring tears and sighs and gentleness from all. (*Exit.*)

*Ant.*—Hero Charles'es stale and plotting against  
Her lover, why that is me. No, I'll not  
Believe it. But he had my tie and she  
Said, if any man could show me that, she'd  
Not deny he has seduced her. What brought  
Those thoughts to her? She plotted to rid herself  
Of her intended husband. Why, she was  
On the porch, could she have pushed that cobble?  
No, no. She would not, yet it appears I  
Did not for I felt no jar which I would have  
Had my weight been on it. She did admit  
She came from him to me and would return  
To him. But then I'll not believe it. Hero  
Is true to me. He said her lover's sister  
Caught her embracing him.  
Why that is Margaret, I'll be convinced. (*Calls Wig.*)  
(*Enter Wig.*)

*Ant.*—Is Margaret about?

*Wig.*—Yes, she's at the gate.

*Ant.*—Bring her to me. (*Exit Wig.*)

Now she can prove if Hero is false to me,  
She will not lie. (*Enter Marg.*)

*Ant.*—When did you first see Charles since his return?

*Marg.*—Why this morning, when we had left you to  
Your lovemaking for a while, I returned  
To tell you something,  
Charles must have come just ere I entered. for  
Hero was just greeting him, and as I  
Am not familiar with him, I retired  
Ere they had seen me.

*Ant.*—Were they familiar?

*Marg.*—Why sure they were. Why not? They are old friends,  
Why they embraced like lovers.

*Ant.*—What's that, you too against me? Have I  
No friends on earth? No, no, Margaret, I  
Believe you, but Hero is false to me.  
She is Charles's mistress,  
'Twas she who plotted for my life, I am  
An obstacle to her enjoying him,  
She is with her lover now, I'll soon be there  
Myself and to catch them while embracing  
Will be much more convincing proof.

(*tugs at his bonds.*)

Break! break!

Don't think you can withstand a desperate  
Athlete's strength. (*breaks away.*)

*Marg.*—Why Antony, what do you mean?

*Ant.*—Away! Don't bother me now,  
I'm not accountable for my deeds.

(*breaks the door, Wig. tries to stop him.*)

*Ant.*—Out of my way, out of my way!

(*Knocks Wig. and Assistants down and exit.*)

(*Scene closes.*)

(Scene 2.) *A Street.**(Citizens discovered.)*

1st Cit.—Think you they will punish Antony with his life?

2d Cit.—Shure. 'Tis evident he is a traitor, and they either hang or shoot them. But he went so open about it and missed.

1st Cit.—The fool, with the risk he ran he should have made it more shure.

2d Cit.—Had he killed Charles he would not suffer more.

1st Cit.—And yet they call him so great.

2d Cit.—He is good at wrestling.

1st Cit.—He has no head, so he proved to-day, and it takes a head to wrestle. I always did think Leopole gave him that last match.

2d Cit.—Yes, I guess you're right. Well, if they convict him Leopole will again be champion.

1st Cit.—Yes, and I would sooner see him too.

2d Cit.—And if this ain't him, I don't know him. Speak of any one but the devil and they'll appear. Did you ever know that proverb to fail? I didn't.

1st Cit.—Nor I either. *(Enter Leo., they salute him.)*  
Hurra for Leopole! Hurra!

Leo.—How do you do, gentlemen? Happy days. *(Exit Cit.)*

Figuring on Antony's

Execution they but surmise I'll rise .

And already greet my fortune.

They little know the sneaky way I use

To gain that fortune, but that matters not,

They would not greet me for my morals. I

Am sorry I ever entered this plot

With Charles, but he will pay me for my share

I'll warrant, and that before it is too late.

*(Exit Leo., enter Citizens.)*

1st Cit.—You never saw Leopole? I thought everybody knew him. There he goes, that's him.

3d Cit.—A noble man, fine proportioned.

2d Cit.—And right worthy of holding the championship.

1st Cit.—There is none can down him.

2d Cit.—He's a good spender, I often drank on him.

3d Cit.—Where does he be often?

1st Cit.—Nowhere in particular, everywhere or anywhere, just as it happens.

2d Cit.—What is this crowd coming?

1st Cit.—They're chasing some one.

3d Cit.—Who can it be?

2d Cit.—A madman.

1st Cit.—Ain't that Antony?

2d Cit.—As I live it is. He has escaped.

1st Cit.—They're trying to stop him.

3d Cit.—Let's help them.

2d Cit.—I'll not, he looks desperate.

1st Cit.—Nor I. He has a lions strength. (*Enter Ant.*)

Ant.—Make way there, I'll kill the first man hinders me.

(*Rushes across the stage, knocks citizens down and exit.*)

(*Scene closes.*)

### (Scene 3.) *Charles Office.*

(*Enter Hero, Alice following.*)

Alice.—I had quite a race to overtake you,  
So now I hope you'll listen to me.

Hero.—Why shure I will listen, but  
I have important business bids me haste.

Alice.—I doubt not but what I have to say  
Concerns your business. 'Tis of Antony  
I would speak.

Hero.—What do you know of him?

Alice.—That his arrest was plotted for by those  
He thought were his best friends.

Hero.—How plotted for?

Alice.—Charles has some dislike for him, and he holds

What once were Leopole's honors, so they  
Plotted for his ruin.

*Hero*.—How do you know all this ?

*Alice*.—I overheard them propose an accident  
From the porch as Charles would pass.

*Hero*.—You mean the falling of that cobble  
Was prearranged by Charles and Leopole ?

*Alice*.—I do, and that Leopole pushed it purposely  
And not Antony by accident as you think.

*Hero*.—If what you say be true 'twill recreate  
My hopes for future happiness, which I  
Thought gone forever. But Leopole is  
Antony's friend.

*Alice*.— He but seems so. He was  
Mine once too. I tell you I did hear him  
Rail on fortune and on Antony for  
Robbing him of it, and because he came  
And went unnoticed, while Antony's  
Every move and look would bring forth cheers.  
Then he railed on me and cursed me so, I  
Swore revenge, and my chance soon came, for Charles  
Approached and told him of his grudge and how  
By downing Antony he'd be revenged  
And Leopole would be again in favour.

*Hero*.—And would you swear to this before them ?

*Alice*.—Yes, and before God Almighty.

*Hero*.—Then if Charles is to be found I'll  
Bring him here and Antony will be free.

(*Exit Hero, enter Charles.*)

*Alice*.—Now you important one, we'll see who'll  
Get the worst of this morning's quarrel.

*Char*.—Why, what do you mean ?

*Alice*.—What, why that she knows all that went between  
You and Leopole this morning.

*Char*.—You told her of that plot ?

*Alice*.—Cert, and I'm going to swear to it at  
The trial, if there is one.

*Char.*— You degraded wretch,  
How far will your word go aside of ours ?

*Alice.*—I don't know or care. They may not believe me,  
But I'll get them thinking.

*Char.*—If you don't leave this town and in a hurry,  
I'll lock you up for what you are, not fit  
To mingle with respectable people.

*Alice.*—Oh what I know does not amount to anything, yet you  
wish me to leave town. Guess not. I would sooner stay  
and bother you. And as for your having me arrested, ha !  
I am in the business to long to think you can do it.

*Char.*—Where is she going ?

*Alice.*—To look for you and make you come down from your  
high perch.

*Char.*—You've ruined me.

*Alice.*—I hope so, but I never thought I was so wise. (*knocking.*)

*Char.*—Will you step in this room until I find out what is  
wanted ?

*Alice.*—And have you lock me in ? Oh no !

*Char.*—Then here into the hall, but don't leave for I have some  
business with you. (*Exit Alice.*)

*Char.*—Come in. (*enter Officers.*) What's wanted ?

*Offic.*—I have a summons for you to appear at the trial of  
Antony.

*Char.*—I will not fail to be there. (*Exit Officers, enter Leo.*)  
You never arrived at a more fortunate time.

*Leo.*—What's up.

*Char.*—We're lost, unless by stratagem or  
By some precious gem you can win Alice  
To our favour. She has told Hero all  
She overheard this morning.

*Leo.*—What ! I'll tear her heart out.

*Char.*—No, no, I have a better plan. She is  
In love with you, make her think you return it.

*Leo.*—But I turned her from me this morning.

*Char.*— Give some excuse for that, as,  
You were indisposed or so, and give her  
All the gold she wants, I know she'll yield.

*Leo.*—Where is she ?

*Char.*— In the hall. Now you retire and when she gets here,  
you happen in accidentally as though you'd not seen me, be  
very affectionate. (*Exit Leo.*)

*Char.*—(*Opening the door.*) 'Tis now too late to refuse a risk on  
an obstacle. (*Enter Alice.*) Important business has come  
before me, which I must attend to immediately, you wait  
here, I'll not be long and I must see you. (*Exit Char.*)

*Alice.*—I never thought I would be so lucky as to hold secrets  
valuable to rich men. (*Enter Leo.*)

*Leo.*— Well, well, Alice,  
You're looking splendid, charming enough  
To tempt the coldest flesh. It seems an age  
Of separation I've been through, but we'll  
Soon be again with fortune, and able  
To revel to our heart's content.

*Alice.*—Who do you mean by we ?

*Leo.*—Why, you and I, of course. You're not surprised  
I hope, that I know of your hankering  
For sport ? I guess you've not reformed.

*Alice.*—Do you put this friendship on to mock me ?

*Leo.*— Come, come, Alice,  
We've had too many rackets together  
To act like moralists.

*Alice.*—I don't deny my business, but do you  
Know that I squealed what I overheard this morning ?

*Leo.*—No ! To who ?

*Alice.*—To Hero.

*Leo.*—That will ruin all our sport. Why did you ?

*Alice.*—You used me rough this morning.

*Leo.*— And did you mind that ?  
Have you never felt as though you hated  
Yourself ? That's the way I felt this morning,

I did not know what I was saying. We've  
 Got to fix this some way or loose our sport,  
 For with Antony away I am the hero,  
 And you know me when I have money.  
 How did you fix it with Hero ?

*Alice.*—I told her all I heard and she wants to  
 Have me to swear to it at the trial.

*Leo.*— You go to the trial  
 And deny it all, deny you ever  
 Spoke to her. You will never be sorry.  
 Here's money for you to spend. See, I am  
 But on the way to fortune and I have  
 Money, I will have much more if you'll but  
 Help me to it. Will you deny all you  
 Told her for me ?

*Alice.*—I will deny I ever saw her on a bed of bibles.

*Leo.*—Good ! 'Tis not best we were seen together until all is  
 over, they might suspect.

*Alice.*—I'll go invest this money in silk stockings.

*Leo.*—Well, good by, until this is over, then we will swim in  
 wine.

*Alice.*—Adieu. (*Exit Alice.*)

*Leo.*—More dirty work, but that was easy.

I say Charles. (*Enter Char.*)

*Char.*—Well, how is she ?

*Leo.*—Blot her out as an obstacle.

*Char.*—How did you do it ?

*Leo.*—With little gold and big promises. But there is no time  
 to spare, I must see the prosecutor and buy him to lengthen  
 out this trial. (*Exit Leo.*)

*Char.*—'Tis not long till Antony will be no more,  
 Then I shall have proud Hero at my feet. (*Enter Hero.*)

*Hero.*— Prepare yourself  
 For a mighty transformation. When last  
 We met I was at your command, now bow  
 Yourself in supplication.



*Char.*—This is indeed a transformation, but  
Why should I bow. I am no miscreant.

*Hero.*—No, but a conspirator.

*Char.*—Why, how is that ?

*Hero.*— One who o'erheard you  
Plotting to down Antony has told me all.

*Char.*—How absurd, that I should plot against one  
Who awaits a death sentence.

*Hero.*—That death sentence  
When I have told them all I know, will be yours.

*Char.*—Come, tell me all I am interested.

*Hero.*—Leopole and yourself this morning did conspire  
To push that cobble from the porch, and then  
Charge Antony with treason. You see I  
Know it all and want you to settle  
Antony's freedom. (*Appear Ant.*)

*Char.*—Go away, you rave. I hope your intellect  
Is not impaired by love.

*Hero.*—I do love, I admit.

*Ant. aside.*—Too true, she does love him and I've been duped,  
'Tis from her own lips.

*Hero.*—But think well before it is too late, think  
Of the disgrace 'twill cause you.

*Ant. aside.*—She's stale to him and he'll not marry her.

*Hero.*—The dishonor to your name, to be arrested,  
And have me prove you guilty.

*Char.*—Have me arrested, if you will, tell them all you know,  
and see if a strumpet's word will outweigh mine. Leave  
me, I have no use for you.

(*Antony comes forward.*) (*Appear jailor and guards.*)

*Ant.*—And little do I blame you Charles, for this  
Discarding of a strumpet.

*Hero.*—My Antony, and free. (*goes to him, he pushes her away.*)

*Ant.*— Yes,  
Free from my prison bonds, and free from you,

Thank heaven. By your plot for my disposal  
You thought to ruin me, but you made me,  
For far better is an honorable death,  
Than life that's linked to your dishonor.

*Hero.*—What does my Antony mean?

*Ant.*—You'll still use your dissembling gift, and play  
The innocent. T'wer better you were quiet,  
And not add lies to your dishonor.

*Hero.*—As my Antony wishes.

*Ant.*—No, no, not yours, just as you wished it, and  
Happy I to know 'tis so. And may you  
Have success in those desires in which I  
Hindered you. Come, officers, bring me back,  
I will stand a trial, yes, and if sentenced  
Die happy after what I have escaped.

*(Guards take Antony.)*

*(Curtain.)*

## Act. IV. Scene, Court Room.

(Enter Leo. and Prosecutor.)

*Leo.*—You see, Antony will be tried this morning while Abraham is still in office, and he being interested in Antony, who is his daughter's intended husband, will hurry things through before Charleses term begins. Now what I want is, for you to do what you can to draw this trial into Charles'es term.

*Pros.*—No doubt something will turn up through which I can gain a stay for you.

*Leo.*—You being acquainted with the way of law would see a chance where others would'nt.

*Pros.*—True, and for our friendship's sake, I will use it to your advantage, though I have nothing against this Antony.

*Leo.*—That's what I want. Now come, we will drink together for luck. (*Exit both, enter Hero.*)

*Hero.*—Am I the first one here? Well, I should be,  
For I am more interested than all others. (*kneels.*)  
Heaven look with thy allseeing eye upon  
The unjust misery thy righteous subject  
Suffers, and with thy impartial mind convict  
The true transgressor. Give thy judgement to  
Thy officers below that they may punish  
The guilty. (*rises.*)

Was ever woman in my plight? No, no,  
Antony was not himself when he did spurn me.  
An unjust imprisonment and charged with  
Treachery by those he has considered  
His dearest friends is enough to upset  
The strongest mind. I have excused what he  
Has done no matter what the source, and I  
Will prove that I love him, though he would hate  
My corpse. Here will I await what is to come.

(*Hero sits down, enter court officers, citizens, Char., Leo.*)

*Hero.*—You are well met though not by accident  
For villians seek their kind for company.

*Char.*—I wish you knew the truth and had no faith  
In what you heard, then would you know us as friends

*Hero.*—I sought no conversation with you, I  
Intended to insult you, but you are  
So hardened that I cannot.

*Char.*—We will leave you until you are convinced,  
We wish you well. (*They leave her.*)

*Hero.*— Heaven only knows  
Its object in distributing such natures  
Here amongst us. Wickedness on earth  
Must be decreed by heaven, or else  
Such minds would not exist. But,  
Where can this woman stay?

(*Enter officers with Tom and Bill.*)

*Tom.*—Now to give the price of half a dozen good sprees to enrich a rich city.

*Bill.*—I'm sorrier than you are, for its all your fault.

*Tom.*—Because I tried to stop you from making an ass of me its my fault. I'd sooner be arrested, than showed up like that. (*Enter Antony guarded.*)

*Bill.*—Hallo! What's he done?

*Tom.*—He's not been fighting I'll warrant. for no one would tackle him. (*As Antony passes Hero she comes to him.*)

*Hero.*—Antony, do you not know me?

*Ant.*—Take this woman from me or else release me  
That I may protect myself. (*Guards push her away, she weeps, enter Marg.*)

*Marg. to Hero.*—Why not practice what you preach?  
He is not sentenced yet and until he is  
We will not mourn.

*Hero.*— He's worse than sentenced, he's mad.

*Marg.*—So I thought when I last saw him, as  
He charged me with conspiring for his life,  
Then forgave me, claimed you were false, and  
Plotting to dispose of him, then broke his bonds  
Rushed through the court yard, passed the guards, and

Until now I have not seen him. I  
Will go speak to him.

*Hero.*—I doubt he will know you, he did not me.  
And my presence seems to aggravate him.

*Marg.*—Perhaps 'tis best I keep away.

*Hero.*— Come with me,  
They are not ready, and I will tell you  
Of the plot makes Antony prisoner.  
I heard it from a friend, and she must be found  
As our main witness. (*Exit Hero and Marg.*)

*Leo.*—Can Hero have already told him what she heard?

*Char.*— Why no,  
He would not listen to her when they met.  
About the necktie and what else he heard  
From you worked to perfection. Now if Alice  
Will keep her word he will not know until  
It is too late.

*Leo.*—She would do twice as much to win my smiles  
If I'll but give them. I will go sympathize  
With Antony. (*Goes over to Antony.*)  
Antony, I can bring  
But little consolation to you.

*Ant.*—Leopole, old friend, I don't want any,  
The news you brought me in my cell  
Was sufficient. You little knew how I  
Was connected with that story, or perhaps  
You did, but respecting my dejection,  
Would not be bold by bringing more, but as  
A friend gave me a clue to proofs. Was it  
Not so, Leopole? You're silent to respect  
My feelings, and Leopole, twice dear you  
Make your friendship by it. Through your clue I  
Am convinced my love was trifling with me,  
And now I welcome death as much as ever  
I cared to live.

*Leo.*— Antony, stop or I  
Will wish for death myself.

*Ant.*— No, no, you live,  
 Live and be famous, live and be honored  
 As an athlete, for the people must have one  
 For their amusement and their idol, and  
 Who is there but you that is worthy and  
 Entitled to their praise? And Leopole,  
 All the medals and trophys I have won  
 I've willed to you, they with my titles, when  
 I am dead are yours with my best wishes  
 That you honor them, and there is no one  
 More confident than I am that you will.

*Leo.*—Antony, you do not know me or you  
 Would not say this, you'd sooner curse me, if  
 You knew my mind.

*Ant.*— All ill feelings that have grown  
 From my victory over you, I do forgive,  
 For human nature makes us all jealous  
 Of our fame. (*Enter Abr., takes judge's seat.*)

*Leo.*— The court is about to open.  
 I will leave you, and let heaven guide  
 Our future for the best. (*Leaves Antony.*)

*Sheriff.*—Oh yes, oh yes, this court is now opened. (*etc.*)

*Abr.*— Fellow officers,  
 Though we had suspended business for this day,  
 Set it apart for holiday and rejoicing  
 As is a custom,  
 An unforeseen accident has compelled us  
 To convene and give speedy redress to  
 An offended citizen. We will hear  
 Antony's case.

*Pros.*—Your Honor, the cases of Tom Sawyer and Bill Johnson  
 are first on the docket.

*Abr.*—This court convened to-day especially for Antony's case.

*Pros.*—There is no law that specifies certain prisoners shall be  
 favoured either for relationship to its servants or for their  
 social worth. (*reads*) Tom Sawyer and Bill Johnson,  
 breach of the peace.

*Abr.*—

'Tis not

His relationship to the officers  
Of this court, nor his social standing makes  
His case special, but the seriousness  
Of the charge.

*Pros.*—All crimes are serious, and he must await his turn,  
(*reads*) Tom Sawyer and Bill Johnson, breach of the peace.  
(*They are brought forward.*)

*Tom to Bill.*—It's your fault we're in this pickle.

*Pros.*—You are charged with breach of the peace. To this  
Charge what is your plea, guilty or not guilty?

*Tom.*—You see Bill there, was not good humored.

*Pros.*—Are you guilty or not guilty?

*Tom.*—He buckeled me and I resisted.

*Pros.*—I did not ask to hear your case. Are you  
guilty or not guilty?

*Tom.*—Well, we faught. If you call that  
guilty, I am.

*Pros. to Bill.*—You are charged with breach of the  
peace. To this charge what is your plea,  
guilty or not guilty?

*Bill.*—The same as him. If he's guilty, I am,  
I won't squeal and try to put it all on to him,  
I'll take my medicine like a man.

*Abr.*—This day being a holiday we will excuse  
Your slight offense. You are discharged.

(*Tom and Bill start out.*)

*Bill.*—That's luck. If they had sent us up for thirty days, how  
could we have stood it without a drink? I am as dry as  
though I had lived on herring for a week. Let's hurry to  
a saloon.

*Tom.*—We will go drown our happiness as some would  
drown their sorrow. (*Exit both.*)

*Abr.*—Any more ahead of Antony?

*Pros.*—Next comes Antony. (*He is brought forward.*)

You are charged with treason and attempt on the life of

Charles, one of the duke's officers. To this charge what is your plea, guilty or not guilty?

*Ant.*—Not guilty.

*Pros.*—We will hear Charles.

*Char.*—What I have to say you all know well, that  
While passing with the parade, where he was stationed,  
A large cobble hurled with murderous intent,  
Just missed its mission and scraped my knee, and  
'Twas Antony that threw it.

*Pros.*—What have you to say to that?

*Char.*—Such an accident happened.

*Char.*—'Twas no accident.  
He had some treacherous design  
No doubt against this government.

*Pros.*—Can you prove otherwise?

*Ant.*—Can he prove that?

*Pros.*—What is your defense?

*Ant.*—No more than that I was on the porch  
So interested in the passing parade  
That I leaned my weight against a cobble  
And it fell, with results though not intents,  
Similar to those which he described.

*Char.*—Here are more witnesses. (*Points to Leo. and guards.*)

*Abr.*—They know no more than you so we  
Have no need of them.

*Char.*—I say he intended to murder me.

(*Enter Hero and Marg., leading Alice.*)

*Abr.*—You have not proven it.

*Hero.*—Come quick or we'll be too late.

*Alice.*—Why in such haste am I brought here?

*Char.*—I say he is guilty of treason.

*Hero.*—I say he is not and I can prove it.

*Char.*—I say he is guilty and should pay the penalty of death.

*Abr.*—She says she can prove he is not and conviction goes by  
proof alone. We will hear you.





'Till I conspired with him to ruin you,  
I pushed that cobble from the porch and Charles  
Is my accomplice.

*Ant.*—How about the tie ?

*Leo.*— 'Twas got by trickery,  
Hero is innocent and true to you.

*Ant.*—Hero, will you forgive  
My fickle confidence in you ?

*Hero.*—I would call nothing fickle  
That was done amid these trials.

*(bells ring twelve.)*

*Char. to Abr.*—I claim my office, your time's expired.

*Abr.*—Antony, I find no proof of guilt against you,  
So you are discharged.

*Char.*—Soldiers, he would rob me of my privilege,  
This office and this case to finish are mine,  
And I'll fight for what is mine.

*Ant.*—And so will I. *(Rushes out and snatches a sword, meets Charles, they fight, soldiers drive Leo. and Abr. back with bayonets. Antony is besting Charles.)*

*Char.*—Help me, soldiers.

*(Soldiers go to stab Ant. in the back, Hero steps between.)*

*Hero.*—Away, you cowards from his back !

*(Soldiers stab her, she falls.) Ant. stabs Char., turns on soldiers and drives them back.)*

*Hero.*—Antony, I hope you think me true,  
Good by, good by, Antony. *(dies.)*

*(Antony turns and sees her, throws away his sword and kneels beside Hero.)*

*Ant.*—Hero ! Hero ! Dead !

Heaven forgivè me for this foul deed,  
For I know no sacrifice or penance  
With which I may redeem myself.

*(Soldiers stab him in the back, he offers his breast.)*

Here, strike where my mortal source is, and end  
My living quick. Then if my earthly qualities  
Of endurance stay with my spirit,  
I will o'ertake her.

*(Soldiers stab him in the breast.)*

Now my Hero.  
Your Antony will soon be with you.

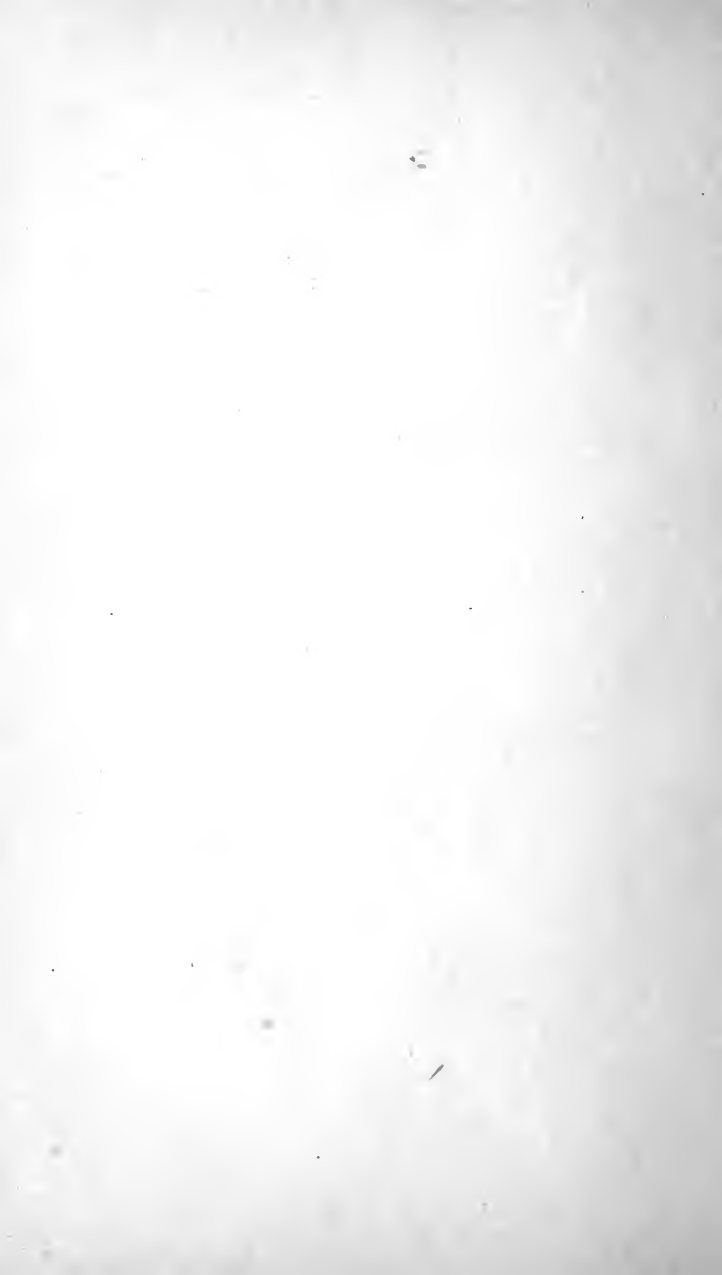
*(Falls over on Hero and dies.)*

*(Curtain.)*









# FISHING FOR FAME.

*Copyright, 1901.*

**BY F. SIMON.**



# FISHING FOR FAME.

---

Now friends, in your conception place yourselves,  
In an uptown club, where wealth alone  
Has qualities for gaining membership,  
Where there's no virtue greater than extravagance,  
As all the furnishings do testify;  
Such as the walls and ceilings decked with pictures,  
That strive with some success, to rival  
Old Italian art. With here and there  
Large beveled mirrors, of flawless glass, each  
The choice of some selected lot, resting  
On a wainscoating, of polished rosewood,  
That for the beauty of both its knots and grain,  
Is nature's masterpiece, Between the ceiling,  
And a tall man's hight, there hung a chandelier  
Of hand cut glass, upon which height, the artist  
Well fulfilled his task, of making it  
To outsparkle the stary heavens,  
And where artistic taste, would show their beauty  
To best advantage, there hung in loops,  
Rich draperies, on which, while in a spell,  
Some foreign gypsies hand was lead by heaven  
While she embroidered them; and for genius  
They won the laurels her ambition sought,  
Crowning her the queen of needlework.

A masterhand had also, planned and made  
 The couches and divans which were placed about,  
 And seemed but as samples of the carpeting,  
 That yielded at each step, as much as one  
 Would call a rut upon the highway;  
 Those without experience, would have  
 An awkward gate thereon. Such were the parlors.

Then there was a billiard room, a card room,  
 A smoking room and a hall for entertainments.  
 Each as lavishly furnished in its kind.

Tis in the smoking room our scene takes place.  
 Here were assembled, a half a dozen,  
 Young and wealthy sports, each with a tale or two,  
 Of some marvelous or lucky catch,  
 Of game fish, such as perhaps had happened,  
 Twice in a hundred expeditions.  
 But to the inexperienced listener,  
 It was conveyed as though a common event.

But one listener there; a man of middle age;  
 Named Smith, of piqued disposition,  
 With plenty of ambition and a craving  
 To be famous, one who made it his delight, to slur and try  
 To level with himself the lucky ones.  
 One who envied those, who, as he claimed,  
 Did make a boast,  
 Of what they had by accident achieved  
 And would have happened to a truant school boy  
 Just the same.

Then spoke he to the rest:  
 Is this a quality? is this a gift!  
 To cast a baited line in the unseen deep  
 And hane a hungry, brainless fish to chance  
 Into the trap? If this is an achievement  
 Worthy of this praise, why: Tom Fool's a hero,  
 And I would have been, a thousand times,

And my achievements and my name, would be,  
 A subject for short stories in our magazines,  
 Or conversation at all social gatherings,  
 So it shall hereafter, for, hear me boys!  
 You've bragged of capturing the wiry trout,  
 The big mouthed pickerel and the strongest bass.  
 When hunger bade him eat just as your line  
 Was near. And for thus capturing a defenseless foe  
 You pose as heros. Then so will I!  
 Who never craved for fame, but such as  
 To the mighty comes. For: hear me boys;  
 When Sol has finished this day at the antipodes,  
 And sinks himself behind their western limits,  
 To peep with his familiar, golden fire  
 Here o'er our eastern hilltops; when he has  
 To start to-morrow, pierced this heavy vail of night  
 Enough to make a stream disernible  
 I'll have a line therein and try my skill,  
 And as fishes feed but in the day time  
 So, after a restless night of fasting  
 Their appetit is the best. Now that's a point  
 You all overlooked but it could not pass my insight  
 And by the time you usually cast a line,  
 When all the fish, have crammed their stomachs  
 With their natural food and have no appetite,  
 I'll be returning, with all the hungry ones  
 That were alert and let my squirming crawler  
 Tempt them. I'll prove that I have not lived  
 To forty-five without experience.  
 That you knew not of. For, while you,  
 Were huddled in a lump between warm sheets,  
 Perhaps asleep, or, planing the conquest  
 Of some fair maids heart, or perhaps,  
 With bandaged brow and ices handy,  
 To soothe a fever or calm an upset stomach,  
 You were stealing from the morning,  
 The few hours sleep you'd lost the night before  
 At reveling. These were the hours I put  
 To some atvantage. Many evenings,

Did I assort my tackle, for convenience  
 And immediate use; and carve such bait  
 To regular mouthfuls.

As to each certain specie, that I sought,  
 Was thought to be its favorite morsel.

Thus was I employed.

While you before a glass, were inspecting  
 Or arranging, some latest style apparal.  
 Each of us when finished would go our way.

You to shine or be a blunder,  
 At some social gathering, and I to bed;  
 To have my regular amount of sleep.

So as to be up and on the way.

Oft in time, to wish you the happy dreams  
 Which I had had, and you had lost,  
 During the period of some entertainment,  
 The charm of which decieved your nature,  
 To a harmful wakefulness.

And now with drowsy languishness, you slouch  
 Toward home, while I, with brisk and wakeful stride,  
 All ambition, make for some dock, or bringe,  
 Or boat, or anything convenient.

To those selected spots where fishes feed  
 'tis keen strategem to always choose aright.

An amature but once in ten times  
 Strikes it lucky, therefore they condemn the sport.

Gentlemen, not to boast, or try, to crown  
 Myself with any fickle title, but

All my expeditions were successes

And sent me home o'erburdened. The marketmen,  
 Would miss my friends those days, for I  
 Supplied them all. The only thing to mar those trips

Was the lugging coming home. I always,  
 Strained my sinews to the limit, and oft  
 A young assistant, to whom I gave a coin

The novice and the seadog hailed me  
 As their champion, and dunned me for instructions.

When with their knowledge all exhausted,  
 They had no fish, to me they came for pointers,

Which always brought returns. To-morrow boys,  
 To prove I am no boaster, I'll make a haul,  
 Of this same genius fish ; the trout,  
 And my wife's reputation as a cook,  
 Is current conversation with her friends ;  
 So I will give orders, she shall saison  
 And prepare, in several ways, to tempt  
 Your different tastes those selfsame fish,  
 And you shall be my guest to morrow night.  
 I will expect you all at eight. Do you agree ?

After several toasts and wishes of success,  
 Smith bade them all good night and hurried home  
 To make his preparation and retire.

Next morning he arose, while darkness still,  
 Did shade all earthly object with its veil.  
 Like a harmless barnyarn foul protect its young,  
 So did the night protect the earth from light.  
 By charging with its light absorbing body  
 Upon each artificial ray ; as would  
 Some mighty champion who strove to be supreme.  
 'Twas a royal battle between light  
 And darkness.

This did not interest our Smith,  
 When he'd eaten a few chance morsals ;  
 As there was no lingering for a spread,  
 And gathered up his choicest bait and tackle,  
 He started out, while night was still supreme  
 Shielding everything from mortal gaze.

As he trudged along that one hours walk,  
 That took him to the brook, the gray morning light  
 The front rank of the day did chance along,  
 While charging night and all its powers  
 To a full retreat. But to even matters,  
 At the antipodes, night was the master  
 And had the weak flank of the day in like retreat.

So light did conquer darkness and darkness  
 Conquered light, and so these two shall battle  
 As long as the world goes round.

This strife

Did not worry Smith. 'Twas the chilly air,  
 That pierced the skin, which his warm bed had left  
 So tender, and the deep ruts and washouts  
 Into which he stumbled.

At last, just as

O'er eastern mountain in a distant orb,  
 The sun arose in fiery majesty,  
 Bold Smith beheld the brook, all crags and rocks,  
 At which the stream recoiled, from vain attempts  
 To ruin nature's masonry. Quoth he:  
 It seems impossible, these rough and  
 Narrow limits, can hide the famous trout.  
 Why a lurking poliwig could be discerned,  
 In any crevice, through this water  
 The clearest that's by nature purified  
 While buried, then distilled from mountain springs.

But this meditation was porogued, by  
 An approaching rustic, who was practicing  
 The robins note, but stopped to praise,  
 The quantity of trout within the brook.  
 Thought Smith: a simple fellow, one who knows,  
 Not more than what he hears from the neighbors  
 Who wish to advertise this brook for gain.

Down the stream he starts in search of  
 A better fishing place. Sometimes in bogs,  
 Up to his knees, when the chilly water  
 Would crawl o'er the tops of his boots.  
 Then falling over stumps or limbs,  
 Or crawling through thick brush or briars,  
 That tore his clothes. Still the streams confines  
 Were such that Smith, crossed and recrossed it  
 In a jump, when the opposite side  
 Seemed best for progress.

After two hours,  
 Off hopping and jumping, from bog to bog,  
 Of climbing o'er stumps and crawling through brush  
 Each extra twig or cobble, was a  
 Monsterous obstacle to tired Smith.  
 As though the elements did conspire with fate  
 To crush our hero, in the western sky,  
 Which at first as far as visible, had not  
 A speck to taint it's own familiar azure,  
 While the obstacles he met in his progress  
 Down the brook absorbed all his attention,  
 To save himself from broken limbs and bruises ;  
 Then arose a rolling tumbling mass,  
 Of blackest clouds, with swollen crest, as though,  
 Proud of their mission of discomfort  
 And destruction.

But not until, they had  
 Dimed the beauty of the sun, was Smith aware  
 Of their approach, not until, its vaporious masses,  
 Hindered Sol from throwing shadows  
 Outlining different objects, did he look up  
 And see the stealthily approaching clouds.  
 Then, as so vexed at being discovered  
 Before their foremost volley had reached the earth  
 And caught it unprepared, the rolling thunder  
 Seemed to crash the heavens and lightning  
 Sputtered everyweere like limber serpents tongues  
 That dart about and warn intruders  
 There is danger. And as though bound to damage  
 Everything that water would effect.  
 The rain fell in such torrents, as though  
 The ruffled atmosphere had churned the vaporous clouds  
 To a solid mass of water. Such a deluge  
 No record ever mentioned.

Oh pity now  
 Our hero, miles from any shelter,  
 Chilled to the bone, sore from bruises, weary  
 From trudging and climbing, with an hour

At least of that same traveling, in pouring rain,  
Between himself and any kind of shelter.  
Still on he trudged for lingering would but  
Prolong his torture.

Now and again

He would curse himself for this fool's errand  
And vent a curse, on those who praised, this place  
As being good for fishing. And by the time  
He had cut his passage to the road  
The rain had ceased, the clouds were sinking in the east  
And Sol once more shown down in all its splendor;

Without a single fish he started home.  
Where he arrived, with aching bones  
And rheumatism in every joint;  
And a cold that brought on fears of something worse.  
But soon his wife, whose every worry was  
For his comfort, had bathed each single ache  
With balm, and with a women's gentle stroke,  
Rubbed through the pores as much as would absorb.  
Then tucked him safe in bed. There he was  
When those invited to the feast arrived.

According to a humorous resolution,  
They all met at the club, then proceeding  
In a body, were ushered to our hero.  
Some of them he gently reprimanded  
For praising such a place to go for sport,  
And to all he took an oath: he would  
Never fish again; So with many wishes  
For a speedy recovery they departed.





REMEMBERING

THE

MAINE.

*Copyright, 1901, 1905.*

**BY F. SIMON.**

Wonderful are the works of God.  
 And most wonderful his commonest doings.  
 Take man himself, where is the work more wonderful.

Here upon this round globe he has placed us,  
 With different dispositions and ambitions,  
 To love or hate, to better or break,  
 Other of his works, and all we must believe  
 Is for some well meant end. Here he's placed us,  
 As through adrift, out of his control.  
 Here one man kills another for a coin.  
 Another coveting his neighbors wealth.  
 Here some competing for some other business.  
 And countries waring for each others power.  
 Thus on small, medium and larger scales  
 All is discontent and strife.  
 Not for what we need, for our wants are small,  
 But for what we see and our eyes see much.  
 And what alluring prospect lead us on.  
 Dreams of wealth and power, for which we'd drudge,  
 Our whole life long, then to awaken .  
 A common mortal. Tis so with men, concerns  
 And countries, all striving for some more.

There is one instance chronicled,  
 In heaven and on earth, where,  
 Nor power, nor wealth, nor any moit of gain  
 Would crown the noble souls for risking,  
 Gun or sabre wounds, pestilence and death.  
 No grand conquest of arms or diplomacy  
 Was the goal that put those statemen's genius  
 To the test, that ranked them with the foremost

Of the world. No prospect of rich mines to sieze.  
Or fertile valleys to colonize, with  
The roaming populace.

It was not ambition, it was not greed,  
That brought that noble ship (The Maine) to that  
Fatal anchorage before Havana.

No, no, but a privilege, by agreement  
Twix the powers, that, (a neutral country  
Could assist its merchants and their interests,  
In a beleagured city.)

Such was the mission of that noble ship,  
And thus, not mingling in the strife,  
Those brave souls all felt secure. And why not?  
Born and nourished in a country, that gives  
The men of honor charges of importance.  
Why should they even surmize? (That a country  
Like Spain, that boasts it was a power,  
In the ancient days of Rome's supremacy.  
The first country to land, civilized  
Human being upon this wilderness.  
The foremost country to send its explorers,  
Colonizers and missionaries,  
To these countries, to teach the savages,)  
Would place in the hand of a savage,  
The lives of hundreds of human beings.  
For such was he, who touched that fatal spring  
That wrecked the Maine, and slaughtered its lusty  
Crew as the lay at anchor, guiltless and  
Unsuspecting among the Spanish mines.

Perhaps he thought that these United States  
Had but one ship for their sea power,  
And in his feverish brain, planned himself  
Destined to control their noble navy.  
Tis a pity that such pevish brains  
Could merit power amongst a nation.

But what must have been the awakening,  
When those patriots cried, Halt!  
And the disturbed populace was content

For such an avalanche of punishment  
Was never dealt to a country before.

Our noble hearted people, already disturbed,  
By the reports of Spanish cruelty  
To our weak neighbors, needed much less, than  
This wholesale murdering of their gallant seamen,

To put them in the frenzy which it did,  
But Oh! the wreck and ruin to Spain.  
The glory to our statesmanship, and to  
Our fighting power. The awakening  
Of the world to our untried resources.

No sooner than the echoes of that  
Murderous discharge, were swallowed up in space,  
And the soaring fragments that were heaved aloft,  
One after another from their different heights,  
Had dropped and splashed to signal their return.  
Before the cloud of smoke, that like a spirit  
Rose from the wreck, had drifted out of sight.  
All was hustle and hurry for miles around.  
For this foul shock, had like an earthquake,  
Roused the slumbering people and brought them  
From their berths. To the public squares and streets  
Where with thumping hearts and trembling nerves,  
They met in crowds and questioned one another  
Expecting dreadful news. All were alert  
And fidgety, from living near the strife.

Not so on board the Maine, where there was danger.  
Their each survivor knew his station  
And there he stayed. How could he leave?  
Seeing one brave lad salute the captain  
And report, (The ship was sinking.)  
Fear was a word this crew had merely heard of,  
And so in order keeping step,  
They left the sinking ship as they would have  
To a pleasure visit.

But with them came  
 The tales of horror, that fanned to flames  
 The slumbering courage in their countrymen's breast.  
 Each succeeding message bringing detail,  
 Was as fuel to this patriotic fire,  
 And as they flashed o'er this broad land, told and retold  
 In husky voices, they awoke a fury  
 In our citizens. that naught but war could ease.

Although a faction strove for peace, they could not  
 Down the people's cry. for , War and vengeance.  
 Remember the Maine ) So war was declared.  
 A policy much discussed in foreign lands,  
 That this country, whose army was no more,  
 Then wandering bands patrolling among  
 The Indian reservations,  
 Should challenge the mighty arms of Spain.

When this offend d nation began to muster,  
 The volunteers in swarms besieged their barracks.  
 All impatient to avenge, their countries wrong.  
 Then were our gray haired veterans besieged,  
 By lusty youths, who where anxious to receive,  
 Their stowed up kknowledge of the drills, and everywhere,  
 In twos and threes, they would shoulder arms, front face  
 And forward march to his stern command.  
 This playing soldiers, fired these youthful spirits,  
 Th seek the stern reality.  
 From everywhere they came, from cities. towns  
 And farms. So fast they came the camps looked like  
 A hurly burly mob, that never could  
 Be disciplined. But what a change in a few short months.  
 To see this mob, marching and countermarching  
 Or wheeling about in companies  
 Or regiments, without a wave in their straight ranks.  
 Twas a miracle done with assistance  
 Of the god of war.



While at home the armies were preparing,  
 Far off in Hong Kong harbor lay at anchor.  
 The Pacific Squadron and its crews,  
 Passing compliments with foreign friends.  
 'Mid feasting and rejoicing, a message  
 From home told of the Spanish treachery  
 To the Maine. A sister ship sent to the bottom,  
 And hundreds of their comrades murdered  
 While on a peaceful mission to assist their friends.  
 Greeted with smiles and courtesy and oppointed,  
 To an anchorage among the spanish mines,  
 Their noble hearted comrades, with minds  
 To pure to conceive such mean advantages,  
 Were easy victims to this trap.  
 A threatening murmur among those men  
 When they heard this news, soon changed to hurrahs  
 And song as another message followed.  
 This declaring war was to them more like  
 An invitation to a feast than bloody combat.  
 Now could these untried Sailors prove their worth.

At Manilla Harbor not far off,  
 In spanish waters, guarded, by spanish  
 Forts and mines, there lay the enemy, safe  
 And unassailable, to a timid crew.  
 But to these men, there lurked a charm in effort.  
 They sought not for a fallen foe, but one  
 That could make them strain their wits for victory.

So they set sail for this glorious trip.  
 Like a picnic party, 'mid song and cheers.  
 With light hearts they steered their fighting hull,  
 Through the liquid furrows of the deep  
 On to Manilla.  
 Past the forts and mines  
 Under the veil of night. With not a light  
 To warn the drowsy Spanish sentinels,  
 And have them spoil this bit of stratagem.  
 Not a whisper disturbed the enemy  
 Until morn, then at a signal

From the Olympia's mast, to open fire,  
 A dozen cannons roared at once, and sent.  
 Their iron missiles of death and destruction,  
 At as many objects from which floated.  
 The Spanish colors. To rouse them all,  
 Inviting their full strenght in opposition.

As they peered through portholes and cabin doors,  
 From watchtowers or over battlements,  
 Disturbed from heavy slumbers by this rude  
 Intrusion, yawning and gapping, they beheld  
 The stars and stripes, and heard from lusty throats,  
 The battle cry (remember the Maine).  
 Then in confusion, they started their defense,  
 Twas to late. For the well directed shots,  
 From the American ships, had torn large gaps  
 In their hulls and riggings, and strewn their decks  
 With silent dead and groaning wounded comrades.  
 Upsetting order, banishing all control,  
 Making their different moves conflicting.  
 And thus confused they were a helpless foe,  
 Live targets for those well directed shots,  
 That quenched the life of more than a thousand men.  
 And battered their ships till they all sank,  
 With the cost of but one single life.  
 Well was the Maine remembered at Manilla.



Scattered o'er this broad land, in every state,  
 Small groups of volunteers did their daily routine  
 Impatient to amass and strike the foe.  
 Here they received the news from Manilla,  
 Praises in colored head lines, mere hints at first,  
 But followed by the official records,  
 Of a complete American victory.



The citizens, on hearing the news,  
 Came to the camps and swelled their rousing cheer.  
 Everywhere, in cities, towns or hamlets,  
 They held meetings of appreciation.  
 With bonfires and fireworks, or passing  
 Resolutions of praises and thanks.

This double victory, first,  
 Of the spanish fleet, then a country's praise,  
 Would make dullest envious, much more  
 These fiery youths, and nothing short of  
 Leaps and bounds was headway toward meeting the foe.  
 Caution was tedious and loudly condemned.  
 From lowest to highest this spirit prevailed,  
 The spirit that makes success.

Now were the drills more early,  
 The inspections more exact. The soldiers  
 More attentive. The officers more alert.  
 All seeking some means of improvement.  
 Not even the higher departments,  
 Were free from this contagion, there to  
 New life was infused, making them cheerful  
 And confident and with mighty heaves from  
 The highest to the lowest as a man  
 Were the preparations hastened, to equip  
 The needed force to embark for Cuba  
 And whip those guilty of the Maine's sad fate

Now was each drill hailed as the final.  
 Each arrival of equipments, arms or  
 Ammunition. The transports reported  
 As waiting, while rumors for starting, named  
 Every hour for a week.

Each day in service is divided,  
 With the exactness of the sun, naming  
 Certain hours for leisure, and not to know  
 Those hours now would mean to choose them as  
 The hardest. Not a soul but was pawing  
 His effects, culling his choicest trinkets,  
 Trading keepsakes or wistfully discarding

All over a stinted weight. Twas like a  
 Busy day in some large industry, where,  
 Each has his mind intent, on adding  
 His little mite to the one grand whole.

Far famed are the southern states for sunny days  
 Twas on one of the finest they had ever had,  
 That the army awoke, had mess and assembled.  
 When they heard the command of : *Forward March*  
 Loud and clear, then with all their pride and pains  
 Did these different companies move.  
 Like so many solid masses, borne on  
 Conveyances, so perfect was their manœuvering.

Now was the harmony  
 Between, the different branches well displayed.  
 The army, a mighty host of boyant spirits,  
 Proud of their might and anxious to display it.  
 The navy appearing like so many  
 Awkward, bulky hulls (but fitted with equipments.  
 That controlled them on the seas, as smooth and gentle  
 As caresses) and the fleet of transports  
 A queer assortment of crafts, as though, one  
 From every model were sent in competition.  
 Three separte forces each subject to  
 An independent leader, straining every nerve  
 To fulfill orders and anxious for success.

Tis an old remark, (The sight of a lifetime)  
 But in those southern ports there now took place,  
 A sight not met with in a thousand lifetimes.  
 Steamers and barges riding on the tides.  
 Tossing and tugging at their anchorage,  
 Like unruly puppies imposing on  
 A timid master. Palacial yachts  
 And liners, striped of their beauty, to be  
 Of better service, while just beyond them  
 Guarding the harbour, rode the ironclads.  
 With a bold and threatening confidence.  
 The army coming aboard. To the novice

'They appeared a mob, but known to themselves,  
 By divisions and sub-divisions, down to  
 The smallest group, and, as when a boulder  
 That the weathers of ages upon ages  
 Had loosened, in one unbroken mass, bounds and bounds  
 To the valley below and leaves the mount unmoved.  
 Thus did each company at a call,  
 Leave the ranks to be ushered to their berths.  
 This was a sight that thrilled the blood, and put a bloom  
 On the pale cheeks of many a sickly youth  
 Who had been rejected.

When all were aboard, prepared for every possible hitch  
 That forethought could invent; What a din was raised.  
 Steam whistles blowing to every pitch,  
 Drumming and fifing and bands a playing,  
 The people shouting and waving adieus,  
 Boys with their noisiest toys and trinkets;  
 The tin can brigade; that's cursed and snarled at  
 By the nervous, were now the heroes  
 This was the scene as the army left for  
 Cuba.

Such a fearless and careless group,  
 Had ne'r before taken passage. There they were  
 In those frail hulls; frail compared to men or war,  
 Steering direct to the enemy's stronghold,  
 With it's danger of traps, as mines in the seas,  
 Masked batterys along shore, or by chance  
 To meet the enemy's fleet.  
 Neither in their looks or actions was there  
 A hint of fear, fear for dangers to come.  
 Amusement or excitement was their object.  
 And where two boats, nose to nose, were having  
 A friendly encounter of speed, twould draw  
 A crowd that gave their judgement, by derisively  
 Jeering the looser, though the margin were but a foot.  
 Groups collected at every upstart.  
 As a song or a dance or a trial

Of skill or endurance. Thus with no thought  
 Of their safety, but relying on those  
 In command did they sail this venturesome voyage.  
 Not an incident with enough importance,  
 To be known beyond the office, marred  
 The trip up to landing. Then came their need  
 Of cleverness. For every harbour, every inlet,  
 Where it was possible to land was well defended.

Although not forwarned, more than by forethought,  
 They arrived forearmed, knowing the enemy  
 To be alert for any mode of attack  
 Undaunted by opposition they went ahead  
 Straining with recklessness the bounds of safety.  
 Peering incivily into the enemy's affairs.  
 Searching the shore above and below  
 For a place to force a landing in spite of  
 The enemy's advantage.

Eager to act and confident, they soon  
 Made a choice, and in counsel determed their course.  
 With wavering signals was each ship instructed.  
 When all were ready up went the signal  
 (Move as ordered) and as when a herd  
 Of timid sheep, startled while grazeing  
 Scatter aimlessly, so the ships, some up,  
 Some down, baffling the ancious foe  
 Drawing them from here to there and back again,  
 By assembling at different places,  
 Feigning to land, far from where they intended.

When their ruse had succeeded, selected leaders  
 At a signal, with ships equiped and crews  
 Instructed, against all foreseen obstacles,  
 Boldly charged the coveted landing.  
 Twas no modern city with docks and piers  
 For convienance, but to shallow water  
 Then swimming or wading to shore, while some,  
 Skilled marksmen, overawed the weak and baffeled garri-  
 With a firing so accurate, that (son

When a shot missed, twas by a margin so small,  
 When whistling by its intended victim,  
 Twould make him dodge and try to avoid,  
 The bullet that had passed him by a rod.  
 By surmounting such obstacles, they gained  
 A foothold, the object of this bold stroke.

Though what was done so far was much, twas but  
 The beginning. Twas as when a hungry lion,  
 Spies a straggling wolf and with one bound, secures  
 That dainty morsel. Then a dieing yelp  
 Brings round the pack, changing the lions position,  
 From easy master to the defensive.  
 Then are his qualities called upon.  
 Then does he deeds of death and carnage.  
 As with one stroke of his mighty paw  
 Snapping the spine of one that had ventured,  
 Within the bounds of his reach, or with his  
 Massive jaws, crushing a skull to pulp  
 Unmindful of their struggles and howling  
 Then tossing them aside, intent upon  
 The next until he has downed all opposition  
 To his feast. 'T is from such victories as these  
 He is known as king of beasts. As with the lion,  
 So was it with the Americans now.  
 Through their own cunning they had tricked the enemy,  
 To expose a certain landing, then taken  
 Possession in it's weakness, thus robbing  
 The enemy of half it's power; and  
 As they realized this staggering blow,  
 Chagrined and furious, they arrayed themselves  
 In opposition; changing the American's  
 Position, from easy masters to the defensive.  
 This put their fighting qualities to the test.  
 And as the lion they enacted,  
 Deeds of bravery, skill and cunning.  
 Crowing all with a victory.

As was natural for a time, all was  
 Topsy turvy. Food, arms and equipments

All in a heap, men and companys  
 Scattering aimlessly. But the hustling  
 And ambitious spirits, prevailing among  
 These men soon brought this chaos into order  
 As smooth as a model household the pride  
 Of a loving wife.

But war was just beyond.  
 War with all it's horrors, it's noise and confusion,  
 It's wounds and amputations, its fevers  
 And death. Of all the afflictions borne by  
 This earth inhabitants, war is the worst.  
 Plagues und famines, cyclones and eruptions,  
 Are beyond control but war is of mans  
 Own making. Men with reason, God's noblest work,  
 Man who in pity, would sunder two fighting curs  
 Yet they themselves, trained and practiced, in  
 The surest way of killing one another.  
 Or win praises and honor for planning  
 The move or weapen that will do the most harm.

Nations have their rise and fall as well as men.  
 And as they rise they're confident and strong  
 And opposition to their onward march,  
 Is but a spur to glory, but past the climax  
 And declining, all is blunders and weakness.  
 So was it now with Spain. Her glories fading,  
 Her power loosing hold, opposed by a  
 Rising nation with dash and confidence  
 Before which they wilted, steadily retreating  
 To their stronghold, where, without a siege, almost  
 Without a struggle they surrendered,  
 Leaving the Americans in control.

Thus far, the glories  
 Attained in the struggle for Cuba, went  
 To the armies, now come the navies for  
 Their share. The government in Spain, knowing  
 Their armies plight in Cuba, sent a squadron

To their aid. Now be it luck or destiny  
 Or what it will, but the Spanish admiral  
 Through his own cleverness was defeated.  
 For clever it surely was, to trick  
 The American patrol, and gain  
 The harbour where their armies lay. But twas  
 His downfall. The American army  
 Controlling on land and the powerful  
 Ships before the harbour, had so cornered  
 The Spanish fleet, the best they could wish for  
 Was to escape.

Thus they stood, day succeeded day without  
 A suspicious move. The trapped ones, anxiously  
 Expecting a glimmer of hope, wishing  
 Some miracle, would, if only for  
 The shortest spell, confuse the guard before  
 The harbour, their only road to liberty.  
 But no, their vigilance to be free was  
 No more thorough, than was their guards to capture  
 Things seemed at a standstill, but only seemed. (them  
 The army was preparing to harrass  
 The imprisoned fleet, cautiously advancing,  
 From mound to mound, becoming so threatening,  
 That to remain meant sure distruction, while  
 In flight there seemed a glimmer of hope.  
 But never did a hungry beast, couch and wait  
 More patiently for it's favorite morsel,  
 Than did the American guard before  
 The harbour. Not a speck, or a ripple,  
 Within these bounds escaped their notice  
 So diligent was the guard.  
 The strict routine with the unchanging scene  
 Was tiring the patients of these brave men,  
 Used to changes, to seeing the world.  
 When one bright morning, a cry from the watch.  
 Ship Ahoy ! In the harbor there. They're coming out !  
 Like a magic wand in fairie tales,  
 Turned these men into fighting demons.

Now all was hustle and expectation.  
 Surmising the plans of the enemy.  
 As also the best means to oppose them.  
 Straight at them came the Spanish fleet, as though  
 To ram, to charge their bulky hulls head on,  
 To test their beams and armour and leave the honors  
 To the shipright, or, perhaps to mingle  
 Hull to hull in deadly combat and win  
 Or lose decide supremacy then and there.  
 But no! They steer to starboard, thus revealing,  
 Their plans was to escape if possible.

With a base on which to plan their battle,  
 The tension on these men relaxed, the tension,  
 Caused by doubt and anxiety. The doubt  
 The whole worlds in, of what good or ill may  
 Befal us this next instant, and the anxiety  
 To meet it succesfully.

#### The signals

Waved for battle and from the merry way  
 These tars, heaved at a chain or a rope,  
 To hasten the start, bespoke no danger  
 In the coming conflict although they knew  
 It meant: win or die!

With a whirling and churning in the rear,  
 Out shot these ponderous hulls; slowly at first,  
 But gaining every minute. Straight at the foe,  
 In a threatening way. Like some mighty champion,  
 Who, while dallying with an easy opponent,  
 Receives a chafning blow, then straight his honor price—  
 He falls to like one inspired. (ked,  
 How the fires were fed and nursed,  
 As the orders came below: to crowd on steam.  
 Until at every turn of the wheel,  
 It seemed the joints would sunder.

Now and then,  
 A deafening boom from a heavy gun;



To try the distance as they drew nearer,  
 Would bring all eyes towards the foe, to know,  
 Did it hit or splash before or beyond them.  
 The first splash beyond the foe, was the signal,  
 To open fire; Promptly obeyed almost  
 By every gun at once. From the turrets,  
 The decks and it seemed from every loophole,  
 Streaks of fire and clouds of smoke shot out,  
 Laden with iron missiles, of death and  
 Destruction. While the force that sent them on  
 Their journey, left a recoil, that it seemed,  
 No bolts or mortise could withstand.

Both fleets were now sailing at topmost speed,  
 Steadily firing. The Spanish, more to  
 Check the Americans, while the Americans  
 Were intent on winning. Thus on they fought.  
 Sometimes in a lull, taking careful aim  
 With a mighty gun, and firing singly,  
 So but little smoke would hinder watching  
 It's effect Then firing broadsides, volley  
 After volley, while for smoke, nothing was  
 Dissernable across the ship. Still they fired.  
 One would think at random. Then another lull.  
 And as they emerged from the vail of smoke  
 And peered across the water, from a ship  
 Just opposite, a cloud of smoke rose heavenward  
 And flying fragments filled the air.  
 She's wounded! was the cry, as she, keeling,  
 Was steering for shallow water with her colors  
 Slowly coming down.

The good, the mighty, those worthy  
 Of supremacy, be it one person,  
 A group or a multitude; are as gentle,  
 As lovable and as sympathetic,  
 As they are strong, and although while battling  
 For a just cause, they will punish with all  
 Their might, when the battle is over they will

Minister to the fallen with the self same ardor ;  
Such were the Americans. And where  
The enemy's signal meant distress, they  
Lay by, to aid and comfort them as friends.  
Here was an event. These bitter enemies  
Of an hour ago, now anxious for  
Each others comfort. While yet in sight,  
Friends of both were battling in bitterest  
Enmity.

The Spaniards fought desperately, but their shots  
Went wide of the hulls intend, dropping  
Harmlessly into the sea. While the Americans,  
Almost unharmed themselves, had crippled a ship,  
Growing bolder, and drawing nearer, until  
Every shot seemed to rip it's self, into  
A Spanish hull.

The little spark of hope  
The Spaniards had, that chance or luck might aid them  
Was growing dim, and gloomy were their spirits.  
As the Americans, flushed with confidence,  
Bore down upon them, ripping and tearing  
Their hulls to pieces, until, one after another,  
They all surrendered, crippled and helpless.

Thus ended the battle, made so vicious  
By the men in remembrance of their comrades,  
The victims of the Maine.



John Paul Jones.

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BY F. SIMON.

# JOHN PAUL JONES.

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“Man the stoutest, swiftest ship that’s England’s  
And sink that treacherous pirate that robs its commerce.”  
Thus spoke the King of England to his admiral.

The care and the interest taken to fill  
This command, none but the King himself could arouse  
Though muffled censure doubted the wisdom  
Of opposing the pride of England’s navy  
To a lonely pirate boat; forward with  
The King’s command, downed all dissension;

Glorious and mighty appeared their ships,  
Moored within sight of admiring friends.  
Who in their visions saw the Richard,  
A humble captive trailing behind, or,  
A torn and battered wreck totally helpless  
On the seas, being tossed at random  
For a while, then drawn below, ship, crew and all  
Entombed in a watery sepulchre.  
While their proud ship strutted o’er the sea,  
Like a winning fowl that, jealous of its honor,  
Starts at each kick as though it were a challenge.

That a good start is not always followed  
By a good finish was well proven  
In the present case, for never was an  
Undertaking launched with brighter prospects.  
Joy and confidence shone in every face.  
’Twas a general gala day, as though

This undertaking was some pre-arranged  
Affair that must end to their liking.

Now look we to this so-called pirate.  
From America he hailed. America;  
A poor and struggling infant country.  
Struggling defiantly against the oppression  
Of a tyrannical parent.

'Twas a struggle for rights and liberty  
That belong to all civilized people.

'Twas not a war for glory, conquest nor  
For honor, but for each one's good, where each  
Made the cause his own, seeking commissions  
And enlistments, determined to spend  
His little energy against the foe,  
And willing, if need be, his life.

One of these was our hero, John Paul Jones.  
Jones was a sailor all his life. A sailor  
In that age of dangerous voyages,  
Before man knew of the power in steam,  
When captains depended on the tides and wind  
That drove them back and forth. When squalls and tempests  
Oft o'ercame the cleverest seamanship  
And drove their ship to ruin. In an age  
When sailors were noted for skill and daring,  
He was famous.

His country was at war with mighty England,  
And as when a mother wolf to shield her young  
Braves the intruding lion, by snapping  
And snarling and dodging her light and speedy self  
About the bulky enemy, to keep him  
From the prize the while she summons help,  
So was his country. Weak but determined,  
Hampering the enemy for delay.

Convincing its slumbering patriots  
 Of their power and rousing the timid  
 From their awe of England's boasts.

'Twas at the first call for aid that our hero  
 Left his flourishing enterprises,  
 To enlist with his penniless country.  
 Penniless was his country indeed, yet rich;  
 Rich with such patriotic souls as his.  
 Men that are cautious until confident,  
 But when roused each equal to ten such  
 Reckless, boasting hirelings as their opponents.

So anxious were these people for their freedom,  
 So set on having it, even if war  
 Must beget it, that, as their messengers  
 Rode on, spreading the news, in every group  
 Where it was delivered there were many,  
 Far from home marching to the front.  
 From the north, south, east and the west they came.  
 Singly, in couples, in groups, and in crowds.  
 Willing fighters came in plenty, but  
 Their country was too poor to furnish them.  
 They had a purpose and had come determined.  
 Their country's poverty did not wilt their spirits.

They found a way: friends and acquaintances  
 Were dunned for funds. To gray-haired daddies,  
 Now retired, enjoying at ease the shrewd  
 Investments of their life of toil,  
 Was the cause advanced, and with such zeal  
 Were its prospects if successful praised, that  
 One and all risked to the limit of his store.  
 When these collections were allotted, still  
 They were short, for war is costly and many  
 Were unprovided.

Among those idle  
 But not dismayed was our hero, John Paul Jones.  
 And as the prospects for employment  
 Were very slim at home he sailed for France.  
 France already had done much to aid  
 This struggling nation, but not one  
 Promising plan did they refuse. So when  
 Our hero, whose fame for skill and daring  
 Was already known in France, proposed himself  
 To hamper England's commerce, funds were soon pledged  
 To aid him.

The road to great achievements is not  
 Plain sailing, 'tis full of obstacles and  
 Envious opposition, but they really  
 Are the tests that prove your title.  
 Some tests now happened in our hero's lot.  
 Being heralded as a mighty man,  
 Aided financially by confiding friends,  
 He must make good his title. Ships were scarce.  
 It was a problem to equip himself.  
 The Ranger, a sailing vessel, on which  
 He had crossed to France, was refitted for  
 A cruise. With this and a few smaller ships,  
 He risked encountering England's men-of-war.  
 His officers were all Americans,  
 While his crews were from a dozen countries.  
 But, a successful leader's spirit is  
 Contagious, regardless of creed or country.  
 So these men, swayed by our hero,  
 United to his purpose as a man,  
 Sailed with him to oppose his enemy.

Direct for England's coast they sailed, except  
 A few abouts, in which they overhauled  
 Some minor prizes. And with a boldness  
 That showed contempt for England's guard, they went ashore



And carried off the Earl of Shelkirk's plate  
 (This they afterwards returned). Cruising further  
 They encountered the Drake, an English frigate  
 Of equal size. This they made a prize of  
 And proudly sailed for port.

That humbling England pleased the French, was  
 Well approved on reaching port by the joy  
 And satisfaction that beamed on every  
 Countenance. Hurrahs and welcome greeted  
 Their every appearance. Fetes and treats  
 Were offered in abundance as well as  
 Offers of service.

From the stock of choice positions offered  
 To our hero, he chose the command of  
 The Indian, planned to be a most thorough  
 Man-of-war with the most modern engines  
 Of destruction. But many months were needed  
 To complete it. Meanwhile he lived at ease,  
 The petted hero of the French, the guest  
 Of honor at receptions and the idol  
 Of the ladies.  
 While thus wasting many months in idleness,  
 Allured by fickle fortune to await  
 His promised honors, his country, by its  
 Aggressive tactics, had earned for itself  
 An alliance with France. England's objection  
 Was all in vain. France had too long smothered  
 The embers of its hatred for England  
 To slight this opportunity to strike  
 Its bitterest foe.  
 To be prepared for the results to come  
 From the breach thus made, their promised honor  
 To our hero was recalled and the Indian  
 Was transferred to strengthen their favorite  
 Admiral's fleet.

Once again was the path of our hero's  
 Great achievements apparently checked.  
 But not for long. Regretting the loss  
 Of these months of idleness, stung to the quick  
 By the late disappointment, his genius spirit  
 Rose to its height and from the barrenest prospects  
 He mustered a fleet that today is world renowned.

Money was pledged in plenty by faithful friends.  
 But ships were scarce and all their anxious search  
 Procured was five. Of these an Indiaman  
 Served as flagship, being christened: *Bonhomme Richard*;  
 The *Alliance*, in command of Landais,  
 The *Pallas* and two smaller vessels  
 Completed the fleet.

Many of their friends and sympathizers  
 Lined the wharf where the fleet was assembled.  
 Eagerly they lent a hand to hoist  
 The stores aboard or fetched lumber and nails  
 To where the shipwright worked at strengthening  
 Some weakness in the hulls. If a sailor  
 Ventured on an errand he was quickly hailed  
 And questioned, praised and followed, every remark,  
 Every act, every expression from the crowd,  
 Was in that spirit that kindles one's ambition  
 To dare for such approval to the verge  
 Of recklessness. Such was the popular  
 Spirit towards those men delivered in person  
 At the wharf and signaled to them as they sailed.  
 Long beyond the range of the naked eye,  
 Through powerful glasses, were they still seen  
 To be signaling.

Sailing onward o'er the mighty Atlantic,  
 Nothing but water every way they looked,  
 With a watchful lookout scanning the horizon

For a sail—perhaps an enemy  
 More powerful than themselves, watching in return,  
 And as each discerns the flag, close in for battle.  
 Then and there on that pitiless deep,  
 That could straight down more than ten times span  
 Their tallest mast, with the most powerful  
 Engines of destruction known, attempt  
 Each other's surrender. Perhaps until  
 One with an ugly wound that lets in water,  
 Can be seen to slowly settle, then keel  
 And dive below, the water closing o'er it  
 Whirls and bubbles till the next wave blots out  
 All trace of ship or where it sank. Such were  
 The chances these men took, surely nothing  
 For the timid.

Providence favored our hero.  
 To be defeated was not his destiny.  
 His command was endowed with a charm  
 That o'erawed his opponents and led him  
 To glories and honor. The many captures  
 He made, with such amazing boldness,  
 The speed and skill of his maneuvering  
 Made the reports to England have him  
 In several places at once. To mention  
 John Paul Jones to an Englishman was like  
 Conjuring devils. He could sail at will  
 In English waters and maul their commerce  
 To his liking, for it seemed no fighting ship  
 Dare meet him.

Shame and ridicule rankled England's pride  
 To be thus boldly defied, and the harm  
 They had suffered, from a source they were wont  
 To sneer at. Incentives were now offered  
 To the captain that would make our hero captive.

The mischance of encountering our hero  
 Fell to the Serapis. Far out at sea  
 They met for this world-famed struggle. Both with  
 The selfsame purpose, to crush the enemy;  
 For their countries were at war and they both  
 Were loyal, determined his was right.

From two specks on opposite horizons,  
 Eagerly they watched each other, drawing closer,  
 Until, as though by magic at a click,  
 They recognized that they were enemies.  
 Then, like two vicious beasts of equal strength,  
 Who, while seeking prey do spy each other  
 And in jealous fury rush to combat,  
 Thus did these two fleets.

At first the rules of battle were observed  
 By firing and maneuvering just within range.  
 And proud were the friends of both who beheld  
 Their skillful seamanship. The most brilliant charge  
 Of either was with such skill eluded  
 That little harm was done. This was not to  
 Their liking. After each miss or sally  
 They drew closer, to make more sure to hit  
 Each other, until they finally could hit  
 A certain part.  
 How they then fought, their decks bestrewn with dead  
 And wounded, 'mid a stangled mass of ropes  
 And beams. Their railings shot to pieces  
 By the firing that raked their decks. Their sails  
 Were a mass of rents, while some were useless.  
 Still they fought as furious as at first.  
 Each was confident he was the stronger;  
 They were closing in, each to sink the other  
 And end the struggle quick or brave him  
 To surrender.

The sun for many hours  
 A witness of this fray, now sank from sight

On its daily western route and twilight  
 Closed them in. Still they fought. So close were they  
 No shot was thrown away. Both hulls were pierced  
 Almost at every foot. Tangled ropes and chains  
 Were dangling loosely. The ornaments  
 That once adorned the bow hung broken  
 And twisted on a single bolt.  
 One-half the guns of either were crippled.  
 Men in relays worked at the pumps,  
 A very dangerous post, so much exposed,  
 But simply a surer death to leave them.

Darkness had succeeded twilight. Still they fought.  
 Sometimes lost to one another, until  
 Their firing told where they were. 'Twas while thus  
 Lost like grouping round, they came alongside.  
 Then the brave but misconceiving Pierson,  
 When he demanded a surrender,  
 Was informed by John Paul Jones  
 (That he'd not yet commenced to fight.)

Their boats were now lashed together.  
 And man to man with sword and cutlass  
 They hacked and stabbed away, each trying  
 To board the other. Strong and rugged men  
 Did face each other. With keen edged blades they fought.  
 They would thrust and parry once or twice,  
 Then hack away like mad, until exhausted  
 Or weak from wounds, they would fall and crawl  
 To shelter. No tender hands would dress their wounds.  
 No gentle nurse would bathe their aching parts,  
 Nor sooth their worried spirits. But helpless  
 And unnoticed many lay, while their lifeblood  
 Slowly oozed away.

Neither side could long withstand this carnage.  
 Nor was it intended that they should.  
 Our hero, while mingling in the fiercest  
 Of the fray, directing every move, had

Trained his guns to sweep the enemy's decks,  
 Driving them below for shelter.  
 Then from the rigging throwing hand grenades  
 Among them, threatening their magazine,  
 Completed the victory for our hero.

Being now cornered, so hopelessly trapped  
 That even a sally for delay meant  
 Plunging to sure death, the brave and hardy  
 Piersons now surrendered that not one life  
 Should wantonly be lost.

So close had the battle been, that for a time  
 Some of the English officers, thought  
 They were the victors.

Through this long and vicious struggle  
 Their comrade ships stood off, their crews and officers  
 Awed by its awful grandeur, were helpless  
 To assist. A few shots from the Alliance,  
 It was proven, hit the Richard, for which  
 Its commander was disgraced. The Pallas  
 Captured the ship (Earl of Scarborough),  
 One of Pierson's command. The Richard was  
 So badly damaged it sank the next day.  
 Such were the victories of John Paul Jones,  
 For which the English called him pirate.

# CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

*Copyright 1908*

BY F. P. SIMON.



# Concord and Lexington.

---

W e've oft in schooldays seen an overfed bully  
Nag a smaller urchin to such desperation,  
That he turns and in his blind fury  
Thrashes his big tormenter. So did  
'The minute men the English regulars  
At Concord.

England and its American colonies  
Were at swords' points, braced for combat and simply  
Awaiting a pretext to commence.  
Each had long surmised a conflict and had  
Secretly prepared for it.

## The Colonists

Had outgrown their dependence, but England  
Was loath to release its absolute sway.  
Successful opposition to former burdens  
Had made them confident. While to punish  
Its unruly offspring England added more,  
Until the sting of their contemptible sway  
Had made the Colonists desperate.

To awe the Colonists to submission,  
A British fleet, filled with haughty regulars,  
Was anchored at Boston.  
Well did the Colonists know the General  
In command and his proud boast; of landing  
His seasoned veterans and subduing  
Them by fright.  
Not a minute while they lay at anchor,

But watchful sentinels in relays  
 Observed their every move, expecting that  
 Their pride and confidence would tempt them to  
 Some exploit.

Th Colonists, at intervals throughout  
 Their settlement, had stations for foodstuffs  
 And ammunition which they'd collected.  
 Not that they looked for war, but as a guard  
 Against the worst those troubled times might bring.  
 The British, knowing of these stations, thought  
 'Twould give them glory and prestige and quench  
 The Colonists spunk, if they could slip out,  
 Destroy their stores, and proudly return, to the  
 Wonder and amazement of the people.  
 Thus they planned. Pleased at the prospect, no thought  
 Of fear, they made their preparations.

Well was the forethought  
 Of the Colonists rewarded, when, one night,  
 Their sentinels, by signals pre-arranged,  
 Informed the messengers: That the British  
 Were disembarking.

As swift as horse could travel  
 They spread the news. "To arms, to arms!" they cried  
 At every farmhouse and through the village.  
 "The regulars are coming!" Thus for miles around  
 They roused the people.

Silently, the British disembarked.  
 Cautioned against noises. Puffed with confidence,  
 And anxious for adventure.  
 Unmolested they marched on, seemingly  
 Unobserved, for nothing else was stirring.  
 Pleased they surely were, for in whisperings  
 They were discussing, the astonishment  
 Of the people on the morrow.

The distant tolling of bells  
 Was their first interruption. This they thought strange,  
 But took it for some freak observance.  
 But as it increased, from the right, the left.  
 From everywhere, it gave them some concern.  
 Still, on they marched, hoping 'twas but their fancy.  
 Vain hope, for with the tolling of bells  
 Came the muster. Drumming and fifeing everywhere.  
 To real and systematic to be but fancy.  
 The people knew their plans, and their jokes  
 And laughter turned to chagrin and anger.  
 For with all their contempt for the Colonists,  
 They knew they had been outwitted.

In silence and depressed they trudged along,  
 Passing farmhouses that seemed deserted.  
 But those within were busy.  
 Their favorite muskets they were o'erhauling.  
 Their constant companion, of which the owner  
 Knew every whim and how to favor it  
 To make it effective where he desired.  
 Towards Lexington they marched unmolested.  
 But the simple farmers along the route,  
 Silently viewing their passing, was a  
 Mighty power they foolishly were nagging  
 To action.

The minute men  
 Had made Lexington a rendezvous.  
 Here they assembled at muster, answered  
 Roll call, drilled and schooled themselves in tactics.  
 As much for pastime as for a purpose.  
 They were a sort of club.

The first opposition to the British  
 Was this same club. Being suspicious of  
 Their intentions, they had formed a system  
 Of signals and messengers, to keep informed  
 Of the goings-on and to summon

Their little band when danger threatened,  
Where they were on guard.

On that fatal morning at the call to arms,  
About four score assembled. They rudely  
Observed the manual at arms, and  
Humbly prayed to God for strength.  
Then awaited what was to come, determined  
To do their utmost, in defense of their  
Just rights.

Messengers by several routes brought the news  
Of the British approach, convincing all  
That the stores at Concord were their object.  
These were hastily removed.

Just as the morning's light was making  
Everything within range discernable,  
The regulars hove in sight. More, more they come,  
With their measured tread, these thousands of feet  
Acting in accord and so precise,  
Their helmet capped bodies swayed to each step  
Like one solid mass. Then their gaudy uniforms  
And mounted officers in spangles of gold.  
An awe-inspiring sight.

What a contrast. These eighty odd plain farmers  
In homespuns, lined up to impede this host.  
Not a man faltered as the regulars approached,  
Hussaring for the king. They stood  
As though transposed, and so they were; but not  
For fear, not for themselves, but for their wives  
And families. They knew the consequences.  
They knew their countrymen's determination  
And England's boasting confidence.  
Why should they not hesitate?

Snearing and mocking, the regulars halted,  
Demanding that they disperse as rebels.

As they lingered undecided,  
 The command: To fire! and whistling bullets  
 Roused them. Then their comrades, staggering  
 And falling, proved they were in earnest.  
 A few shots were returned, but they soon retired  
 From this unequal contest.

Hussaring for the king,  
 Proud of this victory; an easy one  
 That gave them confidence, but the first  
 And only one on this eventful day;  
 The regulars marched on, jokingly planning  
 Conquests by fright, of scattering whole hordes  
 Of timid Colonists, merely by feinting  
 Or making a noise. The thrashing they were  
 To receive was never suspected.

From there to Concord they met no further  
 Opposition. Weary from their long march,  
 They lounged about. A detachment sent to  
 Destroy the stores, found them removed. This shrewd  
 Forethought of their simple opponents  
 Vexed them so, they wantonly destroyed  
 The miller's flour, private property.

The countrymen were now well roused. Stung by  
 The wanton murder of their friends; humbled  
 By this bold intrusion, rage led them on.  
 Not to make war on this formidable host,  
 But the self-same impulse: To be there  
 To aid their comrades in whatever  
 They would attempt.

To the south of Concord,  
 The ground rose slightly, making an ideal spot  
 To observe the British from a distance.  
 The minute men were assembling there,  
 Discussing the goings on. The regulars,

Foiled in their mission of destroying stores,  
 Were anxious for some action to equal  
 Their disappointment, and willingly did  
 A detachment advance to clear the hill.

Gay and confident, they approached. But those  
 Upon the hill stood firm, until they'd  
 Trapped the regulars across a stream  
 That would hinder their retreat; then they advanced.  
 The regulars fired a volley to check them.  
 True was their aim, for several were seen  
 To stagger and fall, while others clasped their breasts,  
 And leaning heavily on a comrade,  
 Were led away. But the rest. Instead of  
 Quelching their ardor, it kindled to a  
 Desperate fury their smoldering rage,  
 And like reckless demons, regardless of  
 Danger or death, they charged the British,  
 Killing and wounding some, and pressing  
 The others with such vigor, they fled  
 To rejoin their comrades. Thus they met  
 A reverse through the minute men's pluck.

'Twould have been folly for this small force  
 To pursue, so they lingered at a distance,  
 Observing the British lounging about,  
 Telling stories or playing games, all unconcerned.  
 No thought of danger, all occupied with pleasure,  
 While waiting to return.

Fortune's dealings with us mortals is all deceit.  
 Take those regulars there, so much at ease,  
 So unconcerned, so unsuspecting  
 Of the deaths, the rout and shame that would humble  
 Their haughty spirits in the next few hours.  
 While deceiving fortune had lured them to expect  
 A glorious revel. The most alluring spell,  
 That has nothing but visions of ease and pleasure,  
 Is but a veil that hides the greatest pitfall.

At the command to fall in line, each sought  
 His allotted place which discipline had  
 Made a habit. A few interested groups,  
 Delayed, to finish a story or a game,  
 Then hurried to their places.  
 Thus in the shortest time was this scattered body,  
 Arranged in systematic regularity  
 And on their way returning.

Of the minute men that were assembling  
 In patriotic sympathy, a large part  
 Came to Boston. Upon being informed  
 Of the state of affairs and the invaders'  
 Whereabouts, they hurried off to meet them.  
 Concord being so remote from where they  
 At first assembled, few of the minute men  
 Had arrived near there, but they almost doubled  
 Each succeeding mile to Boston.

The regulars, having rested and  
 Being thoroughly confident their presence  
 Had struck terror to all opposition,  
 They started to return. For quite a distance  
 They were not molested. The few scattered minute men  
 Timidly observed them from a distance.  
 Further on, in twos and threes they passed them.  
 Not quite so timid. But a sally  
 By a dozen regulars soon dispersed them.  
 Further down the road, the groups were larger  
 And more of them. They no longer ran  
 From these feints by a handful of men, but fought them  
 And drove them back. These successes gave them courage.  
 They separated and drew nearer.  
 With trees, stone walls and mounds as bulwarks,  
 They crept within range and singling out a victim  
 They seldom missed him. 'Twas getting serious  
 With the regulars. They changed from dress parade

To studied tactics. Flanks were formed to guard  
 Their left and right, containing many veterans.  
 These, like the sallies for a time,  
 Made the minute men more cautious. They moved away  
 For safety, then kept risking more and more  
 To fathom the power of this new arrangement.  
 Both flanks were soon an easy target  
 To these skilled marksmen. Protecting themselves  
 Behind the natural defences  
 Of a rugged country, each the general  
 Of his own safety, they soon upset  
 The order and nice formation of this  
 Martial force and forced them, humbling and cowering,  
 Into one big herd. Disorder spread among them.  
 From end to end they soon resembled  
 A confused mob, frightened beyond control,  
 Desperately urging onward, in hopes  
 That a little beyond there was relief  
 From this merciless punishment. In vain  
 The officers recalled the boast; that they  
 Would subdue these simple countrymen by fright.  
 Nor their pleadings, nor urging, nor their threats  
 Had any effect. They were hopelessly  
 Demoralized.  
 As the regulars weakened, the minute men  
 Grew stronger, through new recruits. Each success  
 Made them more confident, and they would risk  
 A little closer. Selecting a tree  
 Or a stone wall that had a better range,  
 Or anything that would shield them  
 From the random firing of the regulars.  
 There they would go until they almost  
 Could choose their victim.

The plight of these boastful regulars  
 Was getting pitiful. Their dead and wounded  
 They abandoned where they fell, or let them seek



A grassy cot to give them comfort  
 And ease their suffering until their spirits fled  
 And left them food for vultures.  
 Although the Colonists fought like merciless beasts,  
 'Twas against principle, not men, and as victors  
 They sought the fallen and cheered and nursed them.

The regulars were thrashed and driven  
 Like submissive slaves into Lexington.  
 Here the reinforcements they had summoned  
 At the first sign of opposition,  
 Had formed a hollow square for their protection.  
 What a contrast between this surging mob  
 And the trim and systematic heroes  
 Of the morning. Hungry and thirsty,  
 Lamé and sore, gasping for breath from this fearful chase,  
 They staggered or stumbled, were dragged or crawled,  
 Into this friendly shelter, where they dropped,  
 Exhausted and helpless.

The relief from this assistance was a Godsend.  
 But' twas not for long, for the Colonists,  
 Having completely mastered the famous regulars,  
 Were fired with such confidence, they began  
 To recklessly outdare each other,  
 To approach within positive range.  
 Thus they cut short this period of rest  
 And refreshment, forcing them to move for safety.

With the chagrined submission of beaten champions,  
 They made random efforts to uphold their prestige.  
 Each one proved their weakness. Every charge  
 Was towards safety and their ships.  
 Unmindful of the rear, where the Colonists  
 Did most harm, they kept surging forward.

The thought, that the Colonists were their master,  
 Was like a thorn pricking their proud conscience.

As a balm to allay this knawing rage,  
They murdered the old and feeble, the women  
And children. Destroyed much property  
By firing houses and barns. Damaging trees  
And fences, or anything of value.  
Destroying the labor of days and days  
In as many minutes.

#### The Colonists

Continued this terrible punishment  
All the way to Boston, while the regulars  
Continued their spiteful vengeance.

Bunker Hill.

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BY F. P. SIMON.

# Bunker Hill.

---

The inventions, discoveries, careers  
Or revolutions whose benefits were  
Most widespread and lasting. all grew  
From humble beginnings. So did  
The American Revolution.

The imposing liberties that the British  
At Boston took with the colonists  
And their property, had caused thousands of  
Patriotic sympathizers to assemble  
Eager for any suggestion that would  
Aid them to gain redress.

In sight of Boston was this host encamped.  
A mighty power they were if subject to  
A general purpose. But as they were  
They were a helpless force. In pairs and groups  
Without a leader, or companies with  
Separate leaders. All independent bodies.  
Though no one's authority was supreme,  
Their interests and zeal were so strongly  
In accord, they naturally worked together.

Some chosen companion, some natural leader,  
Lead each group or company. Among them  
Sturdy veterans of the Indian wars.  
To agree upon some action these assembled,  
And in counsel they advised each other;  
Swapped suggestions and argued the why or  
Why not, this, or that, was a good attack  
Or defence. Oft assenting to  
A fiery argument, just to keep peace.

When it was proposed, to occupy  
 Bunker Hill, many favored the suggestion  
 And they gave such effective reasons  
 That all soon approved of the plan  
 And agreed to do their utmost towards its success.

To make sure the enemy would not learn  
 Their plan, and interfere with its success  
 They swore secrecy even to their inmost friends.

They ordered

A chosen number to meet at sunset  
 They equipped them with pick and shovel and  
 As darkness settled round them they marched forth  
 Bidding their recruits to follow..



Where the following events take place  
 A wide stretch of lowland fringed the harbour,  
 Then rose in several hills. On one of these  
 Their engineers had staked out a stronghold.  
 There's where this fearless band was heading.

Sentinels were stationed at intervals  
 As a caution against surprises. Some  
 Patrolled the harbour bank, so close to the  
 British ships moored there, they could plainly hear  
 Their "All's Well, in the stillness of the night..

Just at midnight they began their task,  
 Of digging trenches and building mounds.  
 All through the night they worked, with a diligence  
 That was superhuman. Not trying to  
 Outdo each other, but each working  
 To the limit of his endurance,  
 Unmindful of the rest.

When the morning's light came creeping from the east,  
 Slowly increasing the distance in which  
 Things could be discerned, when it entered

The chambers of the slumbering toilers  
 And roused them to renew life's toil and strife,  
 It also disclosed to the British  
 This stronghold built through the night.

When the British watch beheld these mounds  
 Of fresh loam and earth, and the strange activity,  
 He gave the alarm and roused his comrades  
 From their peaceful slumbers. As they emerged  
 From the hatchways and approached the railing,  
 They were for a time at a loss  
 Whether to accept this as in earnest  
 Or a mere plaything. But the memory  
 Of the colonists' spunk, on several  
 Late occasions, made this appear more serious.  
 They signalled to their comrade ships  
 So they could view this wonder.

A few proud officers, sneered at treating  
 Such a flimsy fort as an obstacle.  
 But others from bitter experience  
 Knew the metal of those within, and they  
 Strongly upbraided their rash friends  
 For considering the colonists,  
 A timid mob that would lose heart  
 And scatter, at any random show of force.  
 Their wise counsel prevailed, 'twas decided  
 With their cannon, to hinder the colonists' progress.  
 While they prepared for a mighty attack.

The British gunners had so long been inactive,  
 They were getting listless and disinterested.  
 The command to fire was just the thing to rouse them.  
 Eagerly each attended to his part,  
 Or assisted where 'twas needed,  
 Anxious that his crew should in some way  
 Outdo the others, in carrying out  
 This order. All morning long they kept firing,  
 There being no return, 'twas like target practice.

A few well directed shots, that whistled  
 O'er the colonists' head, or ploughed the ground near by,  
 Sent them scattering at first, but when their leaders  
 Mounted the works, and calmly directed  
 Their labors while thus exposed,  
 They held the British firing in contempt  
 And made their poor marsmanship a theme for jokes.

Now that they were discovered, and knowing  
 The British would in some way or another  
 Try to dislodge them, they worked the harder  
 To strengthen their fort. It seemed their endurance  
 Had no limit. They had toiled all night,  
 And all through the morning, without sleep or rest  
 Or food. Anxiously they waited, for relief  
 Or refreshments, but all in vain. As the day  
 Wore on and each returning messenger,  
 Brought no more comfort than the first, their spirits  
 drooped.

And why not? 'Twould crush the staunchest loyalty,  
 Wilt the stoutest heart, to think their friends,  
 Their companions, should ignore their call for aid  
 When informed of their desperate straits.  
 'Twas no wonder that many, disgusted  
 At such treatment, boldly left the ranks,  
 Asserting 'twas but a treacherous trap  
 To deliver them to the enemy.

The morning was a thing of the past  
 And the afternoon was partly gone.  
 But not a British soldier had left the ships.  
 As the sun dial told the minutes toward evening,  
 That meant, Sol was nearing to where he hides  
 His light, the colonists' spirits rose, cheered  
 By the thought of a night of rest, and of  
 The aid from their friends, that would come in the dark-  
 ness.

Their hopes and prayers proved in vain, for,  
 By mid-afternoon the British started



Disembarking and preparing to attack.  
 'Twas a mighty disappointment  
 After that long delay that so much bouyed .  
 Their spirits. But such was the will of heaven.



A mighty roar of cannon from all the ships  
 And shot striking and bounding everywhere,  
 Was the first move in the British attack.  
 All about the fort they trained their guns,  
 Making it folly to be exposed. Then  
 Unmolested, did the British with rafts  
 Land their army.

They quickly formed for battle. A long line  
 Of solid companies, two or more deep,  
 In gaudy uniforms and polished arms  
 And such perfect discipline, every move  
 At their captains' command, of hands or feet,  
 Or guns or body, was so smooth and uniform  
 They appeared like one long unbroken streak.

In a short address, their general  
 Praised their past performances, and urged them  
 To repeat them. Making no allowance  
 For the difference in their opponents.  
 The honors that they boasted, were won from  
 Hordes of uncivilized blacks, armed with spears  
 And arrows, that were harmless in comparison  
 With their guns. Where their greatest danger lay  
 In treacherous massacres.  
 Now their opponents were their equal, in  
 Intelligence if not experience.

The British general  
 Ordered an attack, and he so belittled  
 The colonists' powers, he chose to brave them

From the front, and they upon a hill,  
In itself a strong defense, then strengthened  
By the earthworks. Oh, 'Twas costly conceit.

'Twas a memorable hour  
To these untried colonists, while the British  
Prepared their attack. Few breasts possessed their  
Normal beat, while in many the thumping  
Was so strong 'twas noticed by their neighbour.  
While the British prepared to attack  
The colonists prepared their defence.  
When placed as their leaders thought to best advantage  
They watched the enemy.

The gaudily equipped, and formidable  
Regulars, were surely awe inspiring.  
Thus they effected the colonists.  
Under their magic spell they stood and stared  
Like fixtures. Except when catching their breath,  
Or, when forcing back the lump that seemed bound  
To stick in their throats. 'Twas not fear,  
Simply doubt and anxiety.  
Their leaders' encouragement, would rouse them  
From this state of awe, as they thus addressed them:  
Now, boys, be brave. Remember they are but men  
As we are, as sensitive to pain, as  
Liable to death. They wear no armour  
That's proof against your bullets. Take careful aim.  
Be confident men, for, come how they will  
They'll be exposed while we're protected.  
Don't be too anxious. Wait until they're close.  
Your strength lies in your skill so take no chances.  
When you can distinguish the whites of their eyes,  
Aim low and blaze away. Thus they encouraged  
The men and mingled with them, addressing  
Many by name, giving an encouraging  
Pat on the back, where they were more familiar,  
Or to some spokesman who told what they intended.

'Twas a thrilling and an inspiring sight,  
 Especially to those raw recruits, as  
 They peeped o'er their battlements. The steady  
 Roar of cannon from the many ships,  
 A-whistling, from nothing, passing  
 Over them like a streak, as a shot sped past.  
 Some buried themselves in the eearth near by.  
 When a dull thud told of the force that sent them there.  
 While the shower of sand, that scattered over  
 The colonists, was the only damage done.  
 Then these many rafts towed back and forth  
 With their martial freight. It took several trips  
 To land each company. Then they would march  
 To their allotted place in one long column.  
 Full three thousand regulars were landed,  
 To route the colonists from their new-made stronghold

When all the companies were in their places  
 In one long column, then came the final line-up.  
 The command of "Attention!" was simply  
 To rouse the first arrivals, who, while waiting  
 For the rest had become absorbed in their  
 Personal affairs.

Everything was now ready for their advance.  
 The firing ceased, that had kept the colonists  
 Under cover. Then this long line of regulars  
 Started towards them, as powerful, and  
 As unconcerned of what was before them,  
 As an ocean roller on some shallow beach.  
 At first, lost in the vastness of its surroundings,  
 But getting mightier and mightier as it approached.

That the colonists, did not flee from fright,  
 Proved that they were determined patriots.  
 Very few of them, were not agitated,  
 And itching to fire much too soon  
 But their leaders made them wait.

Impatiently they fidgeted their guns.  
 Now and then taking careful aim at some  
 Conspicuous figure, then stopping short,  
 Dismayed at wasting such a perfect range.  
 But such was their confidence in their leaders,  
 A few odd shots were fired, but one could tell  
 From the mild way these stern, and determined  
 Leaders rebuked the offenders, that they  
 Were satisfied 'twas their ardour,  
 Not obstinacy made them disobey.

The hill that led to the colonists' fort  
 Was a mighty obstacle to the British.  
 Still they kept coming.  
 The straightness of their column was soon ruffled.  
 This gave them more concern, than the danger  
 That was before them.

On they come, as free from opposition,  
 As on some showy exhibition drill.  
 No banging of muskets or whistling bullets  
 Hindered them. No cannon balls sped through their ranks,  
 Killing and wounding them right and left.  
 Not one of them was harmed. The colonists,  
 Withheld their fire so long, the regulars  
 Had some hope, they would find the fort deserted.  
 But when they arrived at the chosen distance,  
 And the colonists were ordered to fire.  
 A steady discharge of musketry,  
 Tore in among them and dropped them by the score.  
 Unmercifully were they killed and maimed  
 At this short range. Such a systematic  
 And strong defence. Such terrible results  
 To their solid ranks, was so different  
 From what they had expected, it checked them  
 In an instant. Now their officers,  
 Stepped to the front and brandishing their swords  
 They urged them on. Come! Come comrades! I hope

You are not phased by these few amateurs.  
 Forward! Don't let this mob of countrymen  
 Gloat over your defeat. What would they say  
 At home, if they heard, this mighty army  
 Of veterans fled from simple rustics?  
 Come, come, let's make another effort men,  
 And we'll scatter them like chaff.  
 Thus they urged on their men, but 'twas in vain.  
 The men were willing and confident,  
 But knew it was a foolish risk, to face  
 Such a murderous fire. Many a captain,  
 Paid with his life or some ragged wound  
 For his reckless confidence.

So effective was the colonists' fire,  
 They had the regulars completely rattled,  
 And looking among themselves, they could not find  
 A hopeful face to appeal to.  
 In that whole line, every one seemed baffled.  
 The colonists continued firing,  
 Kept picking them off by the score. It seemed  
 That every shot did damage of some sort  
 From the slight flesh wound to the one that pierced  
 The vital organs, and barely stayed  
 Its mortal effect until the victim  
 Conveyed to some comrade a message  
 To loved ones at home.

To be punished as those regulars were  
 While they could do no damage in return,  
 'Twere wisdom to turn back. 'Twas pride alone  
 Made them hesitate this long, which cost them  
 Many comrades. A few, with pluck enough,  
 To oppose this foolish risk, turned back,  
 More and more follow until they all  
 Sought safety, beyond the colonists' range.

Now did their captains vent their rage as follows:  
 For shame, men, for shame. Where is your reputation  
 now?

Where is your boasted courage? What will those friends  
 In England say, who praised you as invincible?  
 Could you hold up your heads in London streets  
 While marching on some fete day? Or expect  
 A place of honor? Men, men, think what you've done.  
 Look back there. Don't the sight of your dead comrades  
 Strew about affect you? That sight alone,  
 Should rouse a reckless courage within you.  
 Men, I know it does, so we'll get in order  
 And try again.

Things were different with the colonists.  
 When the regulars, turned and ran from their defence,  
 It broke the spell of doubt and anxiety.  
 And as they awakened to their victory  
 Over the famous British, they let loose  
 Their wildest antics. They hugged each other,  
 And waltzed a turn or two. They hurrahed and waved  
 And jumped about, while many in their joy  
 And new born confidence were eager for pursuit,  
 And would have marred their victory but for  
 Their leaders, who, both praised and checked them  
 As follows: Boys, you acted nobly.  
 So far, well done. But now, restrain yourselves.  
 This victory is but temporary.  
 It cannot be these haughty regulars  
 Will quit so easily. Their pride will force them  
 To a larger sacrifice, so let us  
 Prepare for them and when they do come,  
 Make every shot sure, as our powder  
 Is getting low.

Just beyond the range of the colonists' guns  
 The scattered British, once more formed to charge them.  
 As their officers both encouraged and  
 Upbraided them, their downcast look, told of

Their humbled pride. Seriously, was  
 The importance of victory,  
 Urged upon them. Their country's prestige,  
 Its army's honor, and their own safety  
 Were the arguments used, to bring forth  
 Their greatest effort.

Once more they were sent to face that firing  
 That had robbed them of hundreds of their comrades.  
 They dare not quit with the colonists  
 Their masters, nor would they give them to boast  
 That it had taxed thier wits to defeat them.  
 'Twas their desire to humble them.  
 To scatter them like a fickle mob.  
 Once more they approached those fatal earthworks.  
 Steadily enough, and yet, their late experience  
 Had them worried. Why wouldn't it? To be  
 Such open targets to these skillful marksmen,  
 Simply to satisfy their vanity,  
 To uphold their pride.

The regulars tried the same bold attack,  
 While the colonists used the same defence,  
 Of letting them come close. Their first victory  
 Gave them confidence, so they waited and waited.  
 Even closer than the first time, was this  
 Formidable army, before a shot was fired.  
 Then the whole length of the colonists line  
 Their musketry blazed forth and the continued firing  
 Picked the regulars off by the hundreds.  
 Bravely did they face this hail of bullets,  
 But 'twas too much for human beings.  
 All around them their comrades toppling over.  
 The moaning of the wounded, as in their agony,  
 They wiggled into positions, that would  
 Ease their pain. The groaning and gasping  
 Of the dying, while their stretching and straining  
 The last few breaths, told of their violent ending.  
 The damage they sustained was something awful.

The suffering of their comrades was heart rending.  
These regulars were but human beings.  
Frail, like other people when their trials  
Had passed endurance. This they now had,  
So, once more they turned and fled for safety.

Although the colonists, twice had checked,  
The regulars' attempt to storm their fort,  
And twice, had driven them pell-mell to safety.  
Still they lose, their ammunitions almost gone,  
With no sign of a further supply.  
There's barely two charges for every man  
Among them, and the regulars preparing  
For a third assault. Never was powder  
Considered more precious, or as cautiously  
Doled out that not a grain should be wasted.  
With each portion there went an earnest address  
About what it may do, towards giving them  
A victory.

Once more the regulars start up that hill,  
Now thoroughly roused by this double smirch  
To their reputation. Roiled by the scornful  
Admission of their officers. That they  
Were ashamed to be their leaders.  
They were determined to hazard anything  
To win the day. Once more they arrive  
At that fatal distance, now recognized  
By their line of dead. Once more the colonists'  
Unerring fire, rips through their ranks. More deadly  
Than before, as they made more sure of their few  
Remaining shots. Once more the regulars halt,  
And waver, and would have fled again, but,  
That deadly fire had ceased for want of powder.  
Now many of these green recruits threw stones,  
Which plainly told their plight. The trained veterans  
That the regulars were, quick did they spy  
This weakness, and with shouts of triumph,  
They rushed forward to charge the colonists' fort.



The regulars outnumbering the colonists  
Two or more to one soon scaled their earthworks,  
And in a hand to hand conflict soon drove  
Them from the fort.

Thus ended the first real battle  
Of the American revolution,  
In which the colonists as an army  
Were in the humblest state,  
Both for organization and equipment.







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